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THE ANNUAL MEETING of the above SOCIETY was held in EDINBURGH on the 6th May. The report by the Directors stated that the number of policies issued during the year ending last March last was 698, the sums assured thereby being 255,550l., and the annual premiums thereon 9120l.
The result of the investigation for the triennial division of profits was then announced. The surplus ascertained to have arisen amounted to 108,539l., of which wholly belongs to the members, but of which one-third (61,279l.) must, by the laws of the Society, be set aside as a reserve for allocation at the next triennial division in 1859.
From the remaining two-thirds a Bonus was declared at the rate of 12 per cent. per annum, on all policies on which six premiums had been paid, not only on the sums in the policies, but also on the former vested bonuses.
There was left, in addition to 61,279l. of reserve above stated, a surplus of 13,260l., together with 7,992l. to go to the next division.
THE INVESTED FUNDS of the Society amount to 579,261l. THE ANNUAL REVENUE is 169,400l. THE EXISTING ASSURANCES are 4,764,949l.
Copies of the report may be obtained at the Society's head office, 26, St. Andrew-square, Edinburgh; at the London Office, 126, Bishopsgate-street Within, and at any of the agencies.
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ROYAL ASYLUM of ST. ANN'S SOCIETY.
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The case is recommended by the Right Rev. the BISHOP of OXFORD. The Rev. JACOB LEY, Oxford. HENRY PAUL, Esq., 53, Devonshire-place.

CHRONOLOGICAL INSTITUTE, 22, Hart-street, Bloomsbury-square.—At a meeting held on the 23rd June, Dr. JOHN LEE, President, in the chair, it was resolved that the Annual Subscription of future members should be Twenty Shillings. Papers were read from the Rev. Lord Arthur Hervey on the Chronology of the Books of Ezra and Nehemiah; and by Mr. Boanquet, on the Duration of the Medieval Empire.
The second part of the transactions of the Institute is in the course of publication, gratis to members.
Persons desirous of joining the society are requested to apply to either of the Honorary Secretaries, Dr. WILLIAM FELL, or JOSEPH BONYME, Esq., at the above address.

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CONTENTS.

LEADING ARTICLES:—	
The Literary World: its Sayings and Doings	339
ENGLISH LITERATURE:—	
Philosophy:—	
An Introduction to the Study of Aesthetics. By J. C. MOFFAT	341
History:—	
The History of Greece under Ottoman and Venetian Domination. By F. FINLAY, LL.D.	341
Foyages and Travels:—	
Dunlop's Travels in Central America	343
Central America. By John Baily	343
The Gospel in Central America. By Frederick Crowe	343
Nicaragua; its People, Scenery, &c. By E. G. SQUIER	343
Notes on Central America. By E. G. SQUIER	343
Lake Ngami; or, Explorations and Discoveries during Four Years' Wanderings in the Wilds of South-Western Africa. By C. J. ANDERSON	344
Barton's First Footsteps in East Africa	344
On Foot through Tyrol in the Summer of 1855. By Walter White	344
Fiction:—	
The Young Lord	347
Diana Wynyard	347
Randal Vaughan. By C. WARREN ADAMS, Esq.	347
Poetry and the Drama:—	
Madame Rictor	347
Notices of Small Books	348
Miscellaneous:—	
Bunsen's Signs of the Times	348
Periodicals and Serials	350
EDUCATIONAL LITERATURE:—	
Minutes of the Committee of Council on Education for 1855-56	350
Proceedings. On Account, in which the Difficulties of Account, Stress, and Quantity are solved. By JAMES A. DAVIES	351
Le Censeur; or English Errors in Speaking French	351
A German Grammar, on a new and simplified method, for the use of Private Students and for Schools. By HENRI BERNARD	351
Moncriff	351
The Imperial Atlas of Modern Geography	351
Owen's Stepping-stones to Natural History	351
The Camel, his organisation and uses	351
The Gradation of Demosthenes. By C. R. KENNEDY	351
Long's Elementary Arithmetic	351
A Complete Catechism of the Descriptive Geography of England. By T. CHALLIS	351
Hardcastle's Rational Arithmetic	351
The Trachiniae of Sophocles, with short English Notes	351
Short Notes to the Seven Plays of Sophocles	351
Timb's Things not Generally Known	351
Notices of Small Books	351
FOREIGN LITERATURE, &c.—	
The Critic Abroad	352
Foreign Books recently published	353
France:—	
Story of My Life. By George Sand	353
From our own Correspondents	354
Hungary:—	
From a Correspondent	355
SCIENCE, ART, MUSIC, THE DRAMA, &c.—	
Science and Invention:—	
The Fortnight	356
Art and Artists:—	
Talk of the Studios	356
Music and Musicians:—	
Musical and Dramatic Chit-Chat	357
Literary News	357
De-mos and Public Amusements	357
Books Recently Published	358
Advertisements	357, 358, 359, 360, 360

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RIES may
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Post-office
339
Moffat 341
min-
341
343
343
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343
344
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344
347
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347
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347
348
348
348
350
355-6 358
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351
351
or the
mand
351
351
351
351
351
351
351
351
351
352
353
353
353
354
355
356
356
357
357
357
358
359, 360

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

J. B., of Ashborne, is referred to the list of Foreign Books.

THE CRITIC,
London Literary Journal.

THE LITERARY WORLD :
ITS SAYINGS AND DOINGS.

WITH the season waning to its close, Parliament on the eve of dissolution, the weather too hot to dream of anything but coming holidays, the last war-fête, acted when the Guards made their triumphal entry into London, falls at a discount, and theatres empty (except, indeed, when in either case some unusual attraction add the spice of curiosity to what is usually dull and commonplace), what is to be expected of the world of letters? This is proverbially the dull season with the publishers; everything is put off for the autumn campaign, for which, by this time, the authors are busily engaged in writing books; travellers, novelists, historians and poets being busily engaged in catering for the delight of "the general reader" during the long evenings to come.

The *Times* has fallen upon evil days. That power which is generally supposed to be able to crush empires has been signally worsted by a tailor—the fraction of a man. Here is a degradation! *Thersites* trips up *Achilles*. It appears that an enterprising London firm, of the Schneider species, sent out a representative to the Crimea in the shape of a certain Mr. SMITH. This person became somehow or other connected with a ludicrous tale about a tailor who was stated to have been flogged for disobedience of orders at Balaclava. How he came to take this story to himself is not very intelligible. His name was certainly not a very rare one (as the late LOUIS-PHILIPPE said, "We think we have heard that name before"), and it is not too much to suppose that where the British officer abounded there would be a very fair sprinkling of tailors. Be this as it may, this particular Mr. SMITH, tailor by trade, chose to take the lashes upon his own shoulder, and to assert that he had been libelled. The whole affair was, of course, nothing but "a shave"—an operation which we are given to understand the Crimean correspondent of the *Times* not unfrequently underwent, though the condition of his chin would scarcely have led us to suspect as much. When this was discovered, the *Times* attempted to pacify the tailor, assured him that there had been no intention of doing him an injury, and even gave him the benefit of a paragraph contradicting the story. But the tailor was not to be pacified; he had been to the Crimea, and had contracted something of a warlike spirit; he must have blood—or money. It did not much matter which; but, of course, he preferred the latter. So an action was brought, and Mr. MONTAGU CHAMBERS did battle for the tailor, before a jury and Mr. Justice WILLES; the upshot of which was that the jury gave a verdict against the leviathan of the press to the tune of four hundred pounds. This certainly is very good salve for the tailor's wounded honour—if he gets it, which (as there will certainly be a new trial) is somewhat doubtful. It is astonishing how these things become repeated in process of time. ALEXANDER POPE, the little poet of Twickenham, was desperately annoyed by a similar report; which declared that POPE had been met in Ham walks by two gentlemen whom he had offended, one of whom had produced a birch rod, with which, while the other horsed the culprit, condign punishment had been administered to the peppy but not very muscular satirist. Poor POPE was very angry about this, but he did not go quite the length of the tailor; for he merely published an advertisement stating that he had not been flogged.

The Committee of the House of Lords appointed to settle the new scheme for the management of EDWARD ALLEYNE'S Charity at Dulwich has decided to reject the very reasonable request preferred on behalf of the theatrical profession, that they might be permitted to participate in the benefits of this institution, which was founded by their brother actor. The committee consisted of the EARL of HARROWBY, the DUKE of CAMBRIDGE, the EARL of MINTO, the EARL of MIDDLETON, and the ARCHBISHOP of CANTERBURY. Mr. SERJEANT MEREWETHER appeared for the theatrical profession, and pressed for a clause which should allow four aged actors and actresses to be pensioners on the endow-

ment; and eight sons of actors and actresses, duly qualified, to be foundationers in the schools. We regret to say that this very modest and righteous proposition was negatived. *Why* so, it is not easy to understand, unless it was from a fear lest the extra expenditure might not leave a sufficient margin for the retiring pensions of the master, warden, and fellows, who have already enjoyed too much of the funds. To satisfy these worthies nearly 3000*l.* a year has been set apart, one-third of which would have been amply sufficient to satisfy the modest request of the poor players. In answer to some observations upon the enormity of the allowances made to the retiring officials, Mr. SERJEANT WRANGHAM very naively argued that the funds of Dulwich College are not held in trust, but that the ownership is vested in the present governing body. We were previously aware that possession is nine-tenths of the law; but we certainly had no idea that it went quite so far as this.

The PRINCE CONSORT has vouchsafed some good advice to the promoters of the Manchester Exhibition. Although the papers are of course in raptures with the extreme good sense of his Royal Highness's letter, to our apprehension it amounts merely to this—first, arrange some plan, and then get your works of art. We imagine that the good men of Manchester needed no prophet from Buckingham Palace to tell them this. Meanwhile, people who may have their reasons for disliking Manchester, are carping at the scheme and spitefully apply to it the test of *cui bono*? But why then should art-treasures be anywhere? There is, perhaps, no place in England that has a better right to call upon English artists to pour their treasures into her lap than Manchester. The PRINCE CONSORT complacently asserts that "no country invests a larger amount of capital in works of art of all kinds than England." That is true; but whence does the larger amount of the sum invested proceed? Not from Buckingham Palace assuredly; but from Lancashire; from Cottonopolis; from noisy, smoky, dirty, yet wealth-producing and art-loving Manchester. Ask the painters who are their best purchasers, and ten to one they will tell you that the Lancashire men are. Why then sneer and ask *cui bono*? The Manchester men can reply: "Because we are lovers of art; because we are both able and willing to nourish art with our money; and, therefore, because art and artists are always welcome among us."

While the education system is perplexing the ingenuity of statesmen and philosophers, and Cabinet ministers are puzzled to know how much geometry and ancient history are necessary to the well-being of a working man, the *Times* has been reading the women of England a lesson on their want of knowledge, &c., and cookery. Some one said of the French that they would be capital cooks, if they only had something to cook (alluding of course to the poverty of their meat); but it may now be said with much more truth that Englishwomen have the best materials to deal with, and the very worst possible method of dealing with them. The French agriculturists are fast amending the quality of their meat; but it must be confessed that English *cuisine* exhibits little or no marks of improvement. It appears that MISS BURDETT COUTTS, deeply impressed with the shortcomings of her fellow-countrywomen in that respect, has offered some prizes to school-mistresses and pupil-teachers, for the purpose of testing the extent of their knowledge in "common things." According to MISS COUTTS, knowledge of "common things" includes the cost of cooking ordinary vegetables and meats; the management of sick persons and children; the economy of a labouring man's house, &c. Discoursing upon this text, and especially narrowing the sermon to the all-important subject of cookery, the *Times* very sensibly observes:—

It should never be forgotten that household service is the only school that many a woman ever passes through, and to many a woman it is a pernicious school. If she has never learned to save in the midst of plenty, she cannot begin to save under the pressure of small means. As she has never had reason for turning small things to account—to make the most of odds and ends—she is often reduced, and reduces her husband, to a recurring vicissitude of one day's feasting and three or four days' fasting, with an intermediate day of scraps. And she is utterly ignorant of the thousand ways of dressing vegetables with a little meat or fish, so as to make the absence of a more substantial dish unregretted. And this happens in a million homes in a country which has, on the whole, the finest fish, the richest and most succulent meats, and produces or imports poultry, eggs, and

butter to an extent which precludes their excessive dearness at any season. And while this happens with us, the French peasant, with far lower wages, with fewer materials of food, is making savoury dishes and healthy condiments out of the simplest produce of the field and the moor. Who can wonder, then, that while an English army is half-starved despite numerous appliances and supplies, a French army feeds itself out of the rudest of Nature's gifts? Miss BURDETT COUTTS and Lord Ashburton, who took the lead which she has so well followed, will have earned the gratitude of the country if they have done nothing more than set people thinking about the amelioration of their cookery, and lead high teachers to consider that the art of feeding is really a science which affects the well-being of some twenty million citizens in England, and may often affect the existence of some quarter of a million soldiers abroad; and our social reformers will do well by following her example, and teaching the people of England that which to the majority of them is still a great secret—what food to buy and how to cook it.

With the best disposition to take the view most partial to our fellow-countrywomen, we cannot but admit that all this is but too true. Reform is needed here, and not merely in the cottage of the peasant, but in the household of the comfortable tradesmen and the well-to-do business man. Ignorance of "common things" is too often the indirect cause of the direst family disunion. The cold joint (so comic when facetiously treated by Mr. Punch, yet so tragic when actually realised) has caused more separations à *mensa et thoro* than the ladies wot of. It is the common fashion to suppose that because a family is wealthy enough to pay for the services of a cook, that, therefore, there is no necessity for any knowledge of the culinary art on the part of its female members. But this is a great mistake. Knowledge will enable them to direct and supervise, even though they do not interfere with the executive department; just as the architect designs the fabric, though his hands may not be employed in spreading the mortar or hewing the stone. It is clear also that the ignorance of mistresses cannot but be the cause of great waste and dishonesty in servants. We commend this subject to the ladies of England, as a branch, and not an unimportant one either, of the great question of education.

We beg to thank our correspondent "D." for the following very interesting note upon a question which certainly merits examination. We, like himself, are not aware that the fact has ever been pointed out before; nor do we know that GOLDSMITH ever acknowledged the debt which he evidently owes to the French poet. Considering GOLDSMITH'S great familiarity with France and the French literature, it is not surprising that he should have picked up an author whose works do not seem to have been very much known beyond the circle in which they were published; and when we remember COLERIDGE'S treatment of SCHLEGEL, and LORD CAMPBELL'S peccadillos with respect to the authoress of "The Queens of England," we cannot feel greatly scandalised at this little matter—even admitting that GOLDSMITH did not divulge the true story of the poem. Perhaps, however, some of our readers may be able and willing to throw some light upon the matter.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE CRITIC, LONDON LITERARY JOURNAL.

SIR,—I am not aware that any one of the recent editors of Goldsmith has noticed the origin of "Madame Blaise," which is to be found in an old French poem entitled "Vers Badins sur Monsieur La Palisse." I send you a copy taken from a work entitled "Discours et entretiens Bachiques," printed at Avignon, and which, although without date, is evidently much older than the time of Goldsmith. The author is anonymous, at least to me, for every attempt to discover the name has been unattended by success.

VERS BADINS
Sur Monsieur LA PALISSE.

Messieurs, il vous plaira l'ouïr
L'air de fameux La Palisse,
Il pourra vous divertir,
Pourvu qu'il vous réjouisse.

La Palisse eut peu de bien
Pour soutenir sa naissance,
Mais il ne manqua de rien
Dès qu'il fut dans l'opulence.

Bien instruit dès le berceau,
Toujours poli et honnête,
Il ne mettoit son chapeau
Que lorsqu'il couvroit sa tête.

Il étoit affable et doux,
De l'humeur de feu son père,
Et n'entroit jamais en courroux
Si ce n'est dans la coïre.

Il épousa, se dit-on,
Une vertueuse Dame,
S'il eut toujours resté garçon,
Il n'auroit point eu de femme.

Il passa près de vinet ans
Avec elle fort à son aise,
Ils n'eurent que huit enfans,
C'étoit la moitié de seize.

Ses valets (toient soigneux
De le servir d'andouillettes,
Et n'oublièrent pas les œufs
Surtout dans les omelettes.

Il aimoit les bons repas,
Les mets exquels et fort ten'es,
Et faisoit son grand-gras
Toujours la veille des cendres.

Le vin nouveau avoit pour
Lui peu d'amorce,
Moins il y mettoit de l'eau
Plus il y sentoit de force.

En matière de rebûs
Il étoit insatiable;
Il eût fait un *impromptu*
S'il en eût été capable.

Dans un discours imprévu,
Il prouva que la berlie
Et les autres maux des yeux
Étoient contraires à la vue.

Il expliquoit docement
La physique et la moral,
Et soutint qu'une jument
Étoit toujours une cavale.

Au piquet par tout pays
Il jouoit suivant sa pente,
Et marquoit quatre-vingt-dix,
Quand il en faisoit nonante.

Il voyageoit volontiers
Courant partout la royaume;
Quand il étoit à Poliers,
Il n'étoit pas à Vandôme.

Dans un superbe tournoi,
Prêt à finir sa carrière,
Il parut devant le Roi;
Il n'étoit donc pas derrière.

Un devin, pour trois testons,
Lui prédit pendant sa vie,
Qu'il mourroit au-delà des monts,
S'il mourait en Lombardie.

Il mourut, ce grand héros,
Et personne n'en doute
D'abord qu'il eût les yeux clos
Tout de suite il n'y vit goutte.

Les médecins sont d'accord
Et toute la pharmacie
Qu'un quart-d'heure avant sa mort,
Il étoit encore en vie.

J'ai lu dans de vieux écrits
Qui contiennent son histoire,
Qu'il ira en paradis
S'il est dans le purgatoire.

I think it right to state that, although I have given the French poem as above, in the work from whence I have made my transcript there is no division of stanzas, but the lines are printed as if they were prose, just as we find the old Catholic hymns printed in black letter missals. I give a verse as an example:—

J'ai lu dans de vieux écrits—qui contiennent son histoire
—qu'il ira en paradis—s'il est dans le purgatoire.

Perhaps some of your subscribers may be able to give information about the author of Mons. La Palissade.—I am, Sir, yours respectfully,
D.

A well-known musical critic, whose lucubrations adorn the columns of a certain literary contemporary, appears to have quite a talent for getting into hot water. Lately he has been falling foul of Mr. SAMUEL LOVER, the popular song writer, by accusing that gentleman of wholesale plagiarism; and, upon that gentleman attempting to defend himself by an explanation, he seems to have been refused a fair field to do so in. But we had better let Mr. LOVER speak for himself:—

I addressed a letter to the *Athenæum*, complaining of and defending myself against this charge; but portions of that letter were garbled, and some suppressed altogether, and the original injustice of which I complained was aggravated by the unfounded comments made by the *Athenæum* on my remonstrance.

To contend further with so unfair an adversary in his own columns would be worse than useless; I therefore appeal, Sir, to you, and that chivalrous spirit which characterises the *Times* as the champion of the wronged, to grant me the privilege of an answer in yours.

The critic of the *Athenæum*, shirking the question in dispute, assumes the ironical, declaring I should be content that my injured name appears in illustrious and equally ill-used company; but I have no ambition to be maligned with Moore, or renowned in the musical martyrology of the *Athenæum*.

Finally, says the critic, "if we were as ill-natured as Mr. LOVER assumes that we are, we might ask what becomes of Mr. LOVER's fame as a melodist when the credit of 'Rory O'More,' 'The Low-backed Car,' and 'The Angel's Whisper' is restored to the true owners."

The critic's disclaimer of ill-nature, taken with what follows, is very like a bull; but I can take the sting out of this good-natured question by the simple truth. I never claimed the airs of these songs, therefore there is nothing to "restore;" and I am content

with the fact of having written these words, as it was my words that gave celebrity to airs before unknown. If I have not the fame of having written those melodies, I have the better fame of being too honourable to claim what is not my own.

But my reputation as a melodist does not depend on those airs merely; let 'Molly Bawn,' 'The Land of the West,' 'Widow Machree,' and some score of other popular songs answer for me.

This letter speaks too plainly for itself to need any comment.

Our readers doubtless will remember that Madame SAND has lately produced a sort of parody upon SHAKSPERE's "As you like it" upon the stage of the Théâtre Français, under the title of *Comme il vous plaira*. This was bad enough; but the deed avenged itself: the piece has quietly fallen to the ground, and Paris knows it no more. Now, under these circumstances, any one but Madame SAND would have held her peace very discreetly, and have permitted the public to forget her offence against good taste as quietly as might be: but the good lady is not made of ordinary stuff, she must needs compose a letter to the respected and respectable M. REGNIER of the Théâtre Français defending, and, indeed, extolling her handiwork. This letter is held by THEODOSIA LADY MONSON to be such a masterpiece of criticism, such "a fine essay on dramatic art," that she has forthwith translated it for the benefit of such of the British public as do not read French. The preface which Lady MONSON has set before the precious production prepares us for something extraordinary in the way of criticism; for in it she tells us that, "were it not for Mrs. KEMBLE's magnificent readings, the real sublimity of SHAKSPERE's plays would be unknown to us." We had really no idea that Mrs. KEMBLE was an institution of such great national value, and are quite at a loss to know what we shall do for a comprehension of SHAKSPERE whenever we shall be so unfortunate as to lose her. But now for some of the plums out of Madam SAND's critical cake:

The real progress of our age has been in the Romanesque, which, after the example of Shakspeare, having liberated itself from all arbitrary law, has sought emotions from all subjects, and under all forms. But the Romanesque has already faded, and the taste for Shakspeare has died away too soon among us. It certainly is not from the fault of certain truly admirable translations (the *Othello* of Mons. de Vigny; the *Hamlet* of Mons. Alex. Dumas and Paul Meurice, and some other attempts which had preceded or have followed these). It is rather the fault of a certain real progress which has been made in dramatic art, and which consists principally in dexterity of plan; certain it is that the most trifling *vaudeville* of our day is, in this particular respect, superior to the most admirable dramas of the old masters.

Why, of course: is not SCRIBE, *et hoc genus omne*, worth a hundred of our Elizabethans, if only for the facility with which he can spin three acts out of the billing and cooing of a young clerk with a *jeune fleuriste*? And as SHAKSPERE was so terribly deficient in his plots, is it not fitting that his translator should assist him in that respect?

I do not say that in it I found fewer somewhat too lively conversations—at least two violent situations—to suppress; but the want of order in the composition, or, I may say, the absence of plan, authorised some sort of arrangement. After one act full of movement—after exhibiting a charmingly interesting subject, where characters full of life and grace, full of villainy or of profound thought, are portrayed with the master's hand, the romance becomes the idyllic, melts into soft reverie, capricious song, almost fairy-like adventure, into conversations either sentimental, satirical, or burlesque, into teasing love adventures, into poetic challenges, until it pleases Rosalind to go and embrace her father, Orlando to recognise her under her disguise, Oliver to go to sleep under a palm of the fantastic forest, where a lion—yes, a real lion in the forest of Ardennes—comes to devour him; and, finally, the hymeneal god in person to descend from the trunk of a tree to marry everybody, and some the most ill-assorted possible—the simple Audrey with the rollicking Touchstone, and the devoted Celia with the detestable Oliver.

Therefore, it is right that all these things should be set straight; that JACQUES—the melancholy JACQUES—(*credat Judeus*!) should fall in love with CELIA. JACQUES is the misanthrope of MOLIERE, says Madame SAND; ergo, he must be made to fall in love. Gently, good madam; JACQUES is not the misanthrope of MOLIERE, he is not even the misanthrope of SHAKSPERE, he is not a misanthrope at all. He is a man saddened by experience, who takes a dry, grim humour in noting the follies of mankind;

but who is no more the ranting, raving fellow who tears and stamps about the stage in the tragedy to which you refer, than the author of the latter is identical with him that created that wild fantasy of genius which you have presumptuously dared to "set to rights." Why this is a housemaid in the studio of an artist; breaking this choice piece of sculpture with her broom-handle, knocking the ink-bottle over the priceless offspring of some poetic hour; shattering with her clumsy duster the porcelain that is worth its weight in gold, yet "setting things to rights" marvellously, forsooth. Set *As You Like It* to rights! Why, far from comprehending the play itself, you have not even understood its title. It is *as you like it*—not you, Madam, individually; but as the whole world likes it—a graceful dream—a phantom picture—a castle in the air—the wood of the Sleeping Beauty filled with *châteaux en Espagne*. Why, what was it to SHAKSPERE that there were no lions in the forest of Ardennes? There were boars we suppose; and a dream soon converts a boar into a lion. He put a lion into his dream because it pleased him; and, at any rate, Madame, a lion is a much nobler animal than a goose. Nay, nay, good Madame SAND; rely upon it that SHAKSPERE will do very well without you to set him to rights. Content yourselves with writing your own little dramas, which, by the way, are not eminently successful; and leave our SHAKSPERE to his glorious rest. You have some little qualities, they say, in the way of "writing French" and so forth, but do not touch with your puny hand that dread shrine; lest, like those who profaned the ark of the Covenant, you be withered up from the hand even unto the shoulder-blade.

The amateur pantomime at Drury Lane has been productive of rich results. The committee of gentlemen, elected by the amateurs themselves to arrange the disposal of the money, give the following statement as to their intended proceedings in a note upon the playbill:—"It is proposed to devote the proceeds of the house to the establishment of a fund for the immediate relief of emergencies in the literary or theatrical world. Those connected with either profession know, too well, that instances occur, even weekly, when, in the first hour of affliction or calamity, a few pounds forwarded at once are likely to prove of far greater service than six times the sum subsequently given, after the painful routine of application, questioning and deliberative awarding. The fund must necessarily be too modest in its organisation to interfere in the slightest degree with any of the admirable institutions now existing. Its distribution will be in the hands of a committee of gentlemen, likely to know, intimately, the circumstances of the majority of cases coming before them. Everything can be done quietly and unobtrusively; and no expense need be incurred in the distribution." Admitting the eleemosynary principle to be good, all this seems sensible and feasible.

The publishers' lists are somewhat bare of novelty. Messrs. BLACKWOOD promise a poem by Professor AYTOUN, to be called "Bothwell," and a corrected edition of Capt. HANLEY's novel, "Lady Lee's Widowhood." Messrs. BENTLEY have in the press a book by Col. LAKE, of Kars, telling how the Kars prisoners were treated whilst in Russia, and a novel, by CHARLES READE, to be entitled, *à la proverbe*, "It is never too late to mend." Messrs. BRADBURY and EVANS announce a "Descriptive Dictionary of the Indian Islands and Adjacent Countries," by JOHN CRAWFORD, F.R.S.; and Mr. STANFORD announces a volume on the Euphrates route to India. These are all we have noted. L.

ROYAL NAVAL FEMALE SCHOOL.—The establishment at Richmond having been found too small for the accommodation of the increasing number of pupils, the committee have been for a long time looking out for new premises, and at length have come to an arrangement for the purchase of St. Margaret's mansion, on the banks of the Thames, and about seven acres of the adjoining land, from the Conservative Land Society, the directors of which, rather than pull down the magnificent edifice, have lowered their price on behalf of this excellent institution, founded by the late Admiral Sir Thomas Williams, in 1840, for the education of the daughters of necessitous officers of the Royal Navy. The grant of 5000*l.* from the Royal Commissioners of the Patriotic Fund, with an appeal for additional subscriptions from the general public, will enable the Royal Naval Female School to complete the purchase. Earl Manvers is the president of the committee of the institution, which is under the patronage of the Queen.

ENGLISH LITERATURE.

PHILOSOPHY.

An *Introduction to the Study of Aesthetics*. By JAMES C. MOFFAT, Professor of Greek in the College of New Jersey, Princetown. Cincinnati: Moore and Co. London: Sampson, Low, Son, and Co.

A MAN who had never thought about, least of all studied, the subject-matter of this book, might well exclaim, after dipping into its nice classifications—If there is so much critical intellect in the mere *Introduction to the Study of Aesthetics*, what a grand and comprehensive fact must be the ulterior study itself! We confess at the outset that our doubts and difficulties concerning this question are by no means dispelled by Mr. Moffat's elaborations. We speak not of the literary quality of the book, for that is clear, distinct, and opulent, but of that complexity and uncertainty which characterise all writers—and they are numerous—who have endeavoured to explain the correct philosophy of taste, the true science of the beautiful. It is a fact pregnant with meaning that there has been a host of modern writers on this question, German, French, and English; that the ancient Greeks discussed it eagerly and frequently. If this fact proves anything, it proves that the nature and source of beauty are not self-evident. Mr. Moffat says that all writers on "this pleasing branch of philosophy" belong to two classes only. This is what we have invariably observed, and doubtless it is true enough, unless Dugald Stewart, for entirely failing to find any common principle of beauty, may be placed at the head of a third class. If we understand Mr. Moffat's position aright it is not so much a rejection of those two classes as a combination of them, so that his theory is more comprehensive than even that of Alison. By one of those classes beauty has always been considered as a "quality" of objects, by the other as belonging to human emotions. In this way each individual class circumscribes beauty, whereas, conjointly, the two give it extensive sovereignty. Mr. Moffat has certainly enlarged on the theories of Hutcheson, Gerard, Winkelman, Sir Joshua Reynolds, and others, by coming to this conclusion, namely, that "beauty" means an emotion; that "beautiful" characterises an object calculated to awaken the emotion; and "the beautiful" he employs to designate the immediate antecedent of the emotion. This is going further than any writer has yet gone. By fixing beauty as an emotion the whole kingdom of the ideal is opened; the entire range of human sensibility is unlocked. Compared with this, Burke's idea that beauty is the quality of bodies acting mechanically upon the mind is narrow and confined.

It is well for us, for our happiness here, for our hope hereafter, that beauty exists not merely in form but in emotion. If there is one attendant more than another which continues with us through the eventful journey of life, it is the spirit of beauty. Sometimes it manifests itself in a mother watching with anxious heart a child ripening into manhood or womanhood, sometimes in a child performing the tenderest act of earthly duty by softening a mother's passage unto death; but, whenever or wherever manifested, we may say of beauty that it continually carries a mirror to multiply itself. Holding fast that theory which Mr. Moffat has so eloquently propounded, namely, that beauty is an emotion, we can easily understand that every mind possesses in itself a source of wealth only varying in degree according to organisation. The life of the oldest man cannot be exclusively gloomy, though he is left the last of a long line of friends. If the mind be not a complete wreck, it will still perceive some of the delights of life glittering amid the upturned clouds of the grave. The soul of that aged man is a focus in which many of the intangible beauties of the past and the future meet. If that soul has ever been a shrine for virtue, remembrance and hope, though shattered and disjointed, will still retain traces of their glowing characteristics. It is true enough that in the decay of mind memory, as a faculty, decays early; but it is a source of consolation to believe that memory only lets drop the distinctiveness of those beauties which the past produced. In the wasted and wasting intellect there may be

no longer a classification of beauty; the numerical precision which could fix the order in which it arose may be utterly passed away, it may even be without outline, without feature, without relation to time or place; but beauty, having once entered the mind, is for evermore indestructible. Burke's theory of beauty never satisfied us, because it limited the subject to specific qualities. It would be impossible in us, with limited time and space, to follow all the illustrations, all the arguments, by which Mr. Moffat strengthens his position, but it is but justice to say that the author has made out a strong case, and rendered the various sections of his subject interesting to many, if not conclusive to all. One point is strongly insisted upon, namely, that the capacity of men for enjoying and correctly judging the beautiful is exceedingly various. Mr. Moffat maintains that the man who possesses the most sensitive feelings has the truest judgment. Some physiologists might hold a tough dissertation on this; but it may be accepted as a ready way of explaining the different effects which the presence of an object—say a simple flower—has on the nature of a poet and the nature of a prosaic man. Let us suggest an illustration. One, the poet, when he beholds that flower growing on the dusty wayside of life, reverts to humanity, and so beholds it as a type of innocence neglected by "a scoundrel world." The other, the prosaic man, will most probably whisk off its delicate head with his walking-cane, as a ready way of showing his manual dexterity.

It may be thought, from the nature of the subject, that Mr. Moffat has given no practical rules for guidance; but he has rules which show what are the different classes of pleasure which minister to beauty, and the objects which incite the pleasure. Several of those rules are applied to sight and hearing, the two most important objects of sensation aesthetically considered. For example, the colours most agreeable to the eye are the perfectly pure primitive colours. Mr. Moffat bases this assertion on the general voice of mankind in opposition to the theories of Alison and Jeffrey. Not that nature limits her beauties to any given number, for those primary colours are endlessly diversified by combination.

Then again, to follow up the position, a circle is pleasing, and a square ungainly; but the ellipse and parabola are even more agreeable than the circle. It may have been observed by our readers that in the finer productions of Grecian architecture the circle seldom appears in the mouldings. But we should only mar the effect and the unity of Mr. Moffat's book by epitomising the chapters as they succeed each other. It is enough to say that they possess great variety, and open a wide field of speculative philosophy. More particularly, if a man is either poet, painter, or musician, should he peruse this volume. It contains chapters which would incite pleasure in a general reader; but to those who delight in a display of artistic research and critical acumen it offers a rich source of enjoyment.

HISTORY.

The History of Greece under Othoman and Venetian Domination. By GEORGE FINLAY, LL.D. Edinburgh and London: Blackwood and Sons.

(Concluded from page 318.)

IN the sixteenth century the great struggle commenced between Venice and Turkey, between Christendom and Islam, for the possession of the Morea. The battle of Lepanto, as has been already stated, had effected virtually little towards the repulse of the Mohammedan. Cyprus remained in the possession of the latter, and threatened the receding frontier of the Christian. The Morea had fallen before the Othoman without even a struggle, and nowhere were his banner and his footstep more firmly planted. The East was wholly his. It seemed that the West was also to be his; and his conduct and actions were proportioned to his position, and commensurate with his indisputable pre-eminence.

Christendom learned the humiliating fact by unmistakable signs. Her treachery was the byword of the more simple and sincere Othoman, who complained with reason that no treaties bound her, and no solemn adjurations induced

her to observe the first rudiments of international honesty. The lawless depredations of the Knights of Malta were essentially the miniature copy of the iniquitous falsehood and barbarism of the first European nations. What truce could there be with communities which held that the name of Infidel justified the complete disregard of the commonest principles of human justice and human sentiment?

It is not wonderful, therefore, that, in the great wars of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries between the Othoman and the European, the contest was such as is waged only between people who own no law except to hate and destroy each other by every practicable means, whether fair or foul. Yet the Christian undoubtedly carried off the palm of cruelty and dishonesty. While the ambassador of France was interchanging all international courtesies with the Sultan's Court, French corsairs were ravaging the coasts of the Morea, French Knights of Malta were doing the same throughout the Turkish portion of the Mediterranean. But the toleration of this policy was attended with its proper retribution. The Othoman was not to be insulted and injured with impunity. Twice the arrogance of the French ambassador brought on his nation a stigma far greater than any other nation of modern times has endured; far greater even than the stigma which attaches to that nation which has twice within ten years seen its ambassadors dismissed contumeliously by two great nations in different hemispheres. Spain dismissed Sir Henry Bulwer; America has dismissed Mr. Crampton; but the proudest of nations and proudest of Kings—France and Louis XIV.—saw their ambassador once imprisoned, and once bastinadoed by the Grand Vizier of the Othomans. On another occasion he was pushed from the presence-chamber by attendants, shouting "March off, infidel." Assuredly the sense of personal and national honour was not less sensitive in those days than it is in our days; on the contrary, those were times when men still perilled their lives for a lady's glove or a friend's honour, and when nations still fought for the now exploded ideas of glory and patriotism. But these insults, which would have aroused probably even the torpid sensibilities of modern times, appear to have been received and pocketed, without even a remonstrance, by the Great King. No fact can be more significant, and none can give us a more exalted idea of the station and estimation of Turkey among the communities of the seventeenth century.

That estimation was the natural and necessary result of a long and unbroken series of Othoman successes. Nearly two centuries and a half had passed since Constantinople had seen the Cross supplanted by the Crescent; and during all that time the Othoman had been advancing slowly but steadily towards Western Europe. He had lost no ground: he had kept firmly all that he had gained; and still he was pressing onwards. Europe, which had seen Constantinople fall without sympathy and without aid, which had beheld Greece become an Othoman province without dreaming that Christendom was concerned, was startled by the fall of Cyprus; but considered the contest still as one of a local character, with which the West had little connection of interest. A Mohammedan was, it is true, an infidel who was to be dispatched as soon as caught by the fair or foul instrumentality of fire and sword; but the great feud between Papists and Protestants was in still more pressing want of the same agencies; and the hatred of hostile consanguinity gave the home struggle an absorbing zest which the more remote conflict of generically distinct creeds lacked.

But for Italy, and especially for Venice, the case was wholly different. The *jam proximus ardet Ucalegon* pressed on them in its fullest force ever since that fatal day which brought the news that Cyprus had become Othoman. The contest between them and the Othoman had at length assumed that virulent character which embittered the death-struggle between Rome and Carthage: it was a question, in Cicero's words, *non uter superaret sed uter esset*—a question not of supremacy but of existence. Like Rome, Venice felt that a merely defensive war was useless or insufficient, and that in aggression and enterprise

corresponding to those of the Othoman lay her only chance of salvation from him. It was not enough to say to him as to the sea that he should go so far and no farther; it was equally impossible to carry out so vain a threat; but it was necessary that he should be driven back far behind the landmark of his actual territory.

The policy was noble and daring, and while it continued to be so it was successful. In 1684 the republic, taking advantage of the recent defeat of Kara Mustapha by John Sobieski before the walls of Vienna, and having concluded an offensive and defensive treaty with the Emperor of Germany and King of Poland, declared war against the Othoman Empire. Francesco Morosini, the most distinguished Venetian general of the time, took the command of the fleet which was to accomplish the conquest of Greece. The great desire of the republic was to possess the Morea. Morosini landed his forces, overran the country, took city by city, fort by fort, defeated the Turks in desultory engagements, in pitched battles; and in less than three years subjugated the country. Corinth, Castel Torneri, and Salona were abandoned by the Turks without a struggle; but Athens sustained a siege ever memorable and lamentable in the annals of art; for it was that siege which witnessed the destruction of the Parthenon, then nearly as perfect as in the days of Demosthenes, and saw its beautiful peristyle, its perfect architraves and cornices, shattered and scattered by the cannon of the besiegers. Athens became Venetian; many of its miracles of art accompanied Morosini to Venice, whither he returned to be elected triumphantly Doge; and the Morea was an appendage of Venice.

For thirty years it continued to be so; but the ill-fated country profited little by the substitution of a Christian for a Mohammedan government. To Europe the conquest was of vast importance; for the republic had checked the Moslem at the most critical point of his career, while his energies were still unabated, and his resources still unexhausted. In 1684 the Othoman Empire was still at its height; for it was then that the refractory ambassadors of foreign powers were bastinadoed, and the more prudent dared not sit in the presence of the Grand Vizier. Splendid days were still in store for the Othoman; but the meridian of his power was over. But the conquest of the Morea by the Venetians saved not only Venice, but perhaps even Europe; and the thirty years which intervened between the Othoman loss and recovery of the Morea sufficed to indicate and accelerate the decline of the Empire by the conversion of an offensive policy into a defensive policy. Up to that date the law of the Othoman had been progress; since that date it has been perceptible retrogression, varied only by a chequered struggle to retain what he possesses, and to recover what he has lost.

Venice did little to win the affection or claim the gratitude of her new subjects. The Morea was treated like a conquered province—as the Romans treated a conquered province; and was parcelled into governments and offices for the young nobility of the Republic. Something was done for the Greek Church; and through the Church something was done for the population; but the Greek Church was so steeped in corruption that the Roman Catholic Church was pure by comparison; and it was in the partially successful endeavour to substitute the power of the Pope for the power of the Patriarch that the Venetian administration appeared to most advantage. But the civil administration was disgraced by all the iniquities which are the proverbial companions of incapacity. Justice was administered by young Venetians who knew not the laws even of their own country, much less the laws of the country which they came to govern. Judgments were sold all but openly in court. Money was all-powerful; poverty and right all weak. Even a Turkish pasha was better, or at least not worse; for the simplicity of his nature, although unable to resist gold, was a more trustworthy agent than the natural presumption and chicanery of the Venetian.

The close of the Venetian domination in the Morea was preceded, and perhaps in some degree caused, by circumstances which have recurred in our day, and which are still full of portentous significance. In the year 1710, as in the year 1853, the Russian Czar, deeming the Othoman empire to be hastening rapidly to its dissolution, gave the first open development to the predatory instincts of his nation, by preparing to seize the fancied spoil. Peter the Great had just con-

quered Charles XII. at Pultowa; the Othoman empire was visibly torpid and declining; and Russia and Greece buzzed with prophecies, said to have been found on the tomb of Constantine, which assigned the Byzantine empire to the great Slavonic race. Ahmet III. was at least not stronger than Abdul Medjid. The man was "sick," and the opportunity for accelerating the departure of his breath favourable. Peter invaded the Othoman territory, but was surrounded by the Tartars of the Crimea, and by the Grand Vizier; was in imminent danger of losing his army and his life or liberty; and saved himself only by signing a disgraceful peace on the banks of the Pruth, relinquishing Azof, abandoning his artillery, and foregoing the right of sending ambassadors to Constantinople.

Elated by this success, the Othoman Empire prepared to drive the Venetians from the Morea. In 1714 war was declared against Venice, and a powerful army entered the Morea under Ali Cumurgil:

Cumurgil—he whose closing scene
Adorned the triumph of Eugene—
Cumurgil—can his glory cease,
The latest conqueror of Greece?

Lord Byron's "Siege of Corinth" has rendered this war classical. Cumurgil speedily traversed the Morea, and scarcely encountered resistance except at Corinth and Nauplia. But the Minotti of history was not the Minotti of fiction; and, after a faint exhibition of courage, capitulated. Some disturbance occurred in the surrender of the town. A tower was blown up; a butchery ensued; and the survivors were sold as slaves. Nauplia was taken by assault; Modon surrendered; and before the end of the year 1715 the Othoman was again supreme throughout the Morea. The subsequent victories of Prince Eugene, and especially the battle of Peterwardein, where Cumurgil was defeated and lost his life, led to a peace by which Venice ceded the Morea to Turkey; and until the year 1821 Turkey continued its undisputed master.

The second and last empire of the Othomans in Greece is marked by a comparative leniency and mildness which left its subjects little just ground of complaint. The Empire was itself declining rapidly, and suffered from the corruptions which are incidental to all declining empires; but the Greeks enjoyed security of life and property, and many local privileges. Landed proprietors were such in reality as well as name, and had no longer to fear arbitrary confiscations nor wholesale spoliation. The religion of the country was tolerated and encouraged by the Othoman sovereign; and the disputes which arose were chiefly between the Greek and Roman Catholic churches. Now began between those two great sects the controversy, which led to the war of 1854, as to the custody of the Holy Sepulchre—a controversy which the polite indifference of the Othoman, unconscious of its deep political significance, left to the adjustment of the Christian nations of Europe. Now, also, Russia, rallying from the ignominy of the treaty of Pruth, and burning to retrieve her ground, began to make this dissension the basis of her future policy towards Turkey. During the whole of the eighteenth century that policy was pursued with indomitable craft and perseverance. Greece became the centre of Russian intrigue. In the various wars between Russia and Turkey, Greece was the first object and generally the scene of Slavonic pertinacity. Their territory and coasts on many occasions were the site of fierce battles; and the sufferings of the unfortunate population were traceable chiefly to Slavonic interference. Greece was the Russian high-road to Constantinople—a Greek empire under a Russian prince was the consistent dream of every Russian Czar from Peter the Great to Nicholas I. The Grand Duke Constantine was taught to speak Greek by the order of Catherine II.; and on his head she hoped to place the Byzantine crown. It is impossible to read the history of Greece during the eighteenth century without being struck by the singular dexterity, astuteness, and resolution with which the Russian Emperors attempted to carry out the darling ambition of themselves and their nation.

That ambition has been baffled twice. It may possibly succeed a third time. But at this hour the concluding paragraphs of modern Grecian history show Greece at the beginning of the nineteenth century dissolving quietly under the sickening, but not oppressive domination of the Othoman. The French revolution revived and penetrated modern Greece with the recollections and ideas of ancient Hellas. It attempted to

teach Albanians that they are the successors and representatives, although not the lineal heirs, of the old Hellenes; it sought by familiarising them, as the teachers were familiarised, with the names of Miltiades and Leonidas, to make them shake off the lethargy of ages. Greece—so coldly sweet and deadly fair—was the sleeping beauty whom the raptures of a French *philosophe*, and a high-spirited English schoolboy from Harrow, were to wake into the life and smiles that for two thousand years had been spellbound in picturesque insensibility. Greece was still the clear-cut statue of Pygmalion; and they who looked on her, in their ecstasy and despair, could live only by breathing and warming her into life. The idea was very poetical, very romantic, and quite impracticable. They might woo the sweet stone with kisses; they might apostrophise her with the eloquence of a lover's passionate agony; they might pour hot human tears at her cold feet; but the stone had neither tears nor kisses to give in return. It remained perfectly beautiful to the eye, and quite insensible to the heart. In the romantic days of the most intense metaphysical love-making, when lovers were killed by a frown, and revived by a smile, from the obdurate but still living marble before which they were destined not always to sigh in vain; not even the imagination of Cowley or Waller ever saw heaven revealed in such a piece of stupid still life as the Greece over which Lord Byron wept. As well might he have seen Helen's beauty in a brow of Egypt. The Greece of A.D. 1821 was not the Greece of 430 B.C.; in fact, a more unromantic place and people never existed, as Lord Byron learned and owned before he died. There was a vast deal of ingenuity, and a corresponding deficiency of all nobility and all honesty in their character. They had some fitness for liberty, but none for self-government; but they had so far emerged from the degradation of the times immediately before their own, that they were entitled to the experiment of emancipation. The Othoman Government was nearly as good a one as they deserved; but it was alien, and becoming yearly less able to manage even its Asiatic empire. On the outskirts of both was the great Northern chimera ever brooding and approaching with outstretched hands; and it was clear that the only certain mode of preventing Turkey as well as Greece from becoming the spoil of Russia was by erecting the latter into an independent kingdom. In an abstract point of moral view there can be no doubt that if the vested and recognised rights of nations are at all sacred, the share taken by England and France in the war of the Greek independence was utterly iniquitous, and another instance of that bad faith which the Moslem has ever with too much reason charged against the Christian. But the political necessity which is held to justify or excuse political wrongs is undeniable in this case; and although the infamous battle of Navarino is the disgrace of modern Christendom, it cannot be doubted that if Greece had not been severed from the Othoman Empire, it is probable that both Greece and Constantinople might constitute at this moment a Greek Russian vice-royalty. It is this belief alone which can console English and French statesmen for their flagrant violation of international rights, or acquit them of the folly of creating and supporting an incapable sovereign, the outskirts of whose capital are being pillaged at this hour by brigands. Greece is still an unsettled and intricate problem: it is part and parcel of that still more unsettled and more intricate problem in which is contained the future of Turkey, and possibly of Western Europe. Russia has been beaten back from Constantinople at Sebastopol, as she was before beaten back at the Pruth; but the analogies of history, and the science of human nature and generic laws, support the belief that the repulse is only for a time—

Post certas hienes uret Achaicus
Ignis Pergameas domos.

In the future of Russia is contained the future of Greece. The sway of the Othoman is over, never to return; and it is not probable that the modern men of Marathon and Thermopylae will offer much obstacle to the great Slavonic mission. While England and France are one, the Othoman and Greek are safe in their separate nationalities. But should that union ever fail—*absit omen*—there may soon be expected the sigh of a Russian czar at Constantinople, and a Russian arch-duke at the Acropolis.

PHILO.

VOYAGES AND TRAVELS.

CENTRAL AMERICA.

Travels in Central America: being a journal of nearly three years' residence in that country; together with a sketch of the history of the republic, and an account of its climate, productions, commerce, &c. By ROBERT GLASGOW DUNLOP, Esq. London: Longmans. 1847.

Central America: describing each of the States of Guatemala, Honduras, San Salvador, Nicaragua, Costa Rica, &c. By JOHN BAILY, Esq., R.M. London: Saunders. 1850.

The Gospel in Central America: containing a sketch of the country, physical and geographical, historical and political, moral and religious, &c. By FREDERICK CROWE. London: Gilpin. 1850.

Nicaragua: its People, Scenery, Monuments, and the proposed Inter-Oceanic Canal. By E. G. SQUIER. 2 vols. London: Longmans. 1852.

Notes on Central America; particularly the States of Honduras and San Salvador: their geography, topography, climate, population, resources, productions, &c. &c., and the proposed inter-oceanic railway. By E. G. SQUIER. New York: Harper and Brothers. 1855.

(Continued from p. 323.)

CENTRAL AMERICA, if not quite the first, was certainly among the foremost, of the Spanish American colonies in asserting its independence of the mother country. Of the causes which operated to bring about the disruption of these colonies from Spain, some were remote, and are to be sought for in the long misgovernment of the Spanish viceroys, in the rapacity of officials, the commercial restrictions, and the fixed determination shown by the Court of Madrid that no American-born subjects should be admitted to places of trust or emolument in their own country. Others were proximate, and may be found in the successful example of the British colonies in North America, in the contagion of the French Revolution, the abdication of Ferdinand VII. at Bayonne, the invasion of Spain by the French, and the organisation of the several juntas in various parts of the country to resist the invaders. From 1808 to 1814 Spain was virtually a democratic country in whatever concerned its internal administration. Her colonies looked on, and naturally asked themselves the question, why should not we also try our hands at self-government? Add to this, that while they were solicited on the one hand to own allegiance to Joseph Bonaparte, they were expected on the other to remain true to a phantom of royalty who had in the most despicable manner surrendered the lives and liberties of his fellow-countrymen into the hands of Napoleon. But they had no particular reason to be grateful to the family of Bourbon, and so they rejected equally the advances of both parties, and set up for independence. With the restoration of Ferdinand strenuous efforts were made to bring them back to their allegiance, but to no purpose; war broke out, and horrible enormities were perpetrated both by Royalists and Republicans. Men like Bolivar even stained their reputation with cruelty; no quarter became the watchword on either side; and there was a danger, should such a state of things continue, of the whole country soon becoming a desert. England sympathised with the patriots, and private individuals aided them with both men and money—our Government conniving at the transaction. Some ten thousand men, among whom were many of Wellington's disbanded veterans, left the shores of England to fight under the banners of Colombia, and it was mainly by their prowess in the decisive battle of Carabobo that the independence of the new Republics was secured. What the Government of England first connived at merely, it afterwards acknowledged—driven to that step by the French invasion of Spain in 1823, when 100,000 bayonets were marched across the Pyrenees to maintain the tyrant Ferdinand on his throne. This intervention of France in the Peninsula, in opposition to the express wishes of England, made Mr. Canning take the resolution to acknowledge the independence of the American Republics. In a memorable speech which he made at the time in his place in Parliament, he observed: "It would be disingenuous not to admit that the entry of the French army into Spain was, in a certain sense, a disparagement—an affront to the pride, a blow to the feelings, of England; and it can hardly be supposed that the Government did not sympathise on that occasion with the feelings of the people. But, questionable or unquestionable as

the act might be, it was not one which necessarily called for our direct and hostile opposition. Was nothing then to be done? Was there no other mode of resistance but by a direct attack upon France, or by a war undertaken on the soil of Spain? What if the possession of Spain might be rendered harmless in rival hands—harmless as regarded us, and valueless to the possessors? Might not compensation for disparagement be obtained, and the policy of our ancestors vindicated, by means better adapted to the present time? If France occupied Spain, was it necessary, in order to avoid the consequences of that occupation, that we should blockade Cadiz? No: I looked another way; I sought materials for compensation in another hemisphere. Contemplating Spain such as our ancestors had known her, I resolved that, if France had Spain, it should not be Spain 'with the Indies.' I called the new world into existence, to redress the balance of the old." This speech was highly applauded but in the last expression there is some exaggeration, for Mr. Canning did not call the new republics into existence: he only recognised them as existing. But this from a power like England was a great deal. It gave them a fair chance of success. His mode of proceeding was simple but effective. In reply to a petition from a respectable body of London merchants, he agreed to appoint consuls to Mexico, Colombia, Peru, Chili, and Buenos Ayres; while in Parliament he declared his policy as follows:—"We will not interfere with Spain in any attempts she may make to reconquer what were once her colonies; but we will not permit any third power to attack them or to reconquer them for her: and in granting or refusing our recognition, we shall look, not to the conduct of any European power, but to the actual circumstances of these countries." It is now known that at the time when Mr. Canning thus declared himself, the French ministers, with Chateaubriand at their head, contemplated the project of carving a number of monarchical states under Bourbon Sovereigns out of the vast possessions of Spain in the Indies. Mr. Canning, by his decisive policy, effectually thwarted this design, and high hopes were entertained both by Spanish American bond-holders and merchants of golden harvests to be reaped by them from the increased prosperity of the emancipated states—hopes, alas! not yet realised by either merchant or bondholder; least of all by the latter.

Central America, we have said, first declared its independence in 1821, the city of Guatemala commencing the movement. Emissaries from Mexico had been for some time actively engaged in preaching revolutionary doctrines in various parts of the country. "At this juncture Gavino Gainza, a commissioner deputed by the Cortes, arrived at the capital from Spain. With him came the news of recent political changes in the peninsula, and of the establishment of the new constitution. The excitement now became general, the wealthier families and chief ecclesiastics taking the initiative, and Gainza evidently co-operating with them. After preliminary arrangements, a general meeting of the inhabitants of the city and provinces was convoked for the 15th of September, at the palace of the Audiencia, where the independence of the country was proclaimed amid the acclamations of the populace assembled in the Plaza, thus affecting at once a decisive and bloodless revolution." A provisional government was forthwith installed, and a general congress convoked. Several measures of public utility were also initiated, when the peace of the young republic was disturbed by an attempt to annex it to Mexico, which by a strange vagary had metamorphosed itself from a republic into an empire, under the sovereignty of Don Agustín Iturbide. Some of the nobility were persuaded to join in a conspiracy to bring this about, and were supported by a body of Mexican troops. The people flew to arms, and several engagements took place, in which, however, the partisans of Iturbide gained the upper hand, and the result was the incorporation of Central America in the Mexican empire.

This state of things, however, lasted only for a short time. Iturbide himself soon fell from his imperial state, Mexico returned to its republican form of government, and the province of Chiapas was the only part of Central America that consented to share its fortunes. That province still continues to form a portion of the Mexican territory.

In 1823 the five *intendencias* of Guatemala, San

Salvador, Honduras, Nicaragua, and Costa Rica, agreed together to form a federal republic, based upon popular representation, after the model of the United States. They styled themselves the Federal Republic of Central America; adopted a national flag; and took for armorial bearings five volcanoes, with the sun rising behind them, and the motto of "Dios, Union, Libertad." Their first president was General Arce, a man chosen to fill that office from his known hostility to Spanish rule; and the first constituted assembly decreed many salutary laws, tending to remove commercial restrictions, to promote immigration and education, and to protect generally the lives and properties of both natives and foreign residents. Lastly, it decreed at once and absolutely the abolition of slavery, "providing against its re-introduction at any time or to any part of the Republic, and laying heavy penalties on citizens who should engage in the slave trade." The first federal congress, which met in February 1825, followed up these reforms by a series of enactments decreeing the liberty of the press, the abolition of monopolies, trial by jury, and a *habeas corpus* act. Lancasterian schools were also established in many towns and villages, and each state had regulated its own constitution before the end of the year 1826. So far everything wore the appearance of healthy progress; but a season of reaction was at hand. Faction stepped in to mar the effects of wise legislation. Already there had sprung up in the several states the two rival parties of the *Serviles* and *Liberals*, or, as we should call them, Conservatives and Liberals. The former consisted for the most part of the two extremes of society, namely, the *sangre-azules* or blue-bloods, that is, members of the old wealthy Spanish families, who were disgusted with the withdrawal of their privileges, and the low rabble, who were entirely under the dominion of the priests. These latter formed the connecting link between the two. The Liberals comprised many of the nobility and almost the entire middle class; in fact, the most enlightened portion of the community.* General Arce, the first president, is accused of having been the first to bring about a reactionary movement in the Republic. He did this in concert with the *Serviles*, to whom he is stated to have sold himself. On the 6th of September, 1826, on the pretext that the state authorities of Guatemala were plotting rebellion against him, he seized upon the person of the citizen chief of the state, Barrundia, disarmed the civic militia, and compelled the congress and liberal members of the Government to retire to Quetzaltenango. There the Vice-President Flores, a man held in general esteem, was murdered at the instigation of a friar, who pronounced a furious harangue against him before the excited populace, and several other members of the Government were assassinated. This was the commencement of a long series of intestine commotions, battles, judicial murders and assassinations, the history of which it would be long to tell, and by no means edifying to the reader to peruse. It will be sufficient to say that president after president was appointed; that sometimes the Liberals gained the upper hand, and sometimes the *Serviles*; and that each party marked its triumph by bloodshed and confiscation. The principal leader of the Liberals in these struggles was Don Francisco Morazan, born in the state of Honduras, in the year 1799, and who was a person of some education, as well as of considerable natural genius. "His figure," says Mr. Dunlop, "was good, and his features handsome and intelligent; his ruddy complexion and bright blue eye proving that his blood was different from that of his mongrel Spanish countrymen. His address was frank and independent, and quite free from the mixture of pride and ignorance, fawning and insolence, so universal in the natives of Spanish America who have attained a little brief authority. His private character was good for a Central American, and would be tolerable in most countries, Great Britain and North America excepted." Morazan first engaged in public affairs as secretary of state for Honduras in 1824; he then turned his attention to the military art, some knowledge of which he perceived was necessary for whoever aspired to power. He was afterwards elected president of Honduras, and finally rose to be president of the Federal Republic. Morazan, by his genius and daring,

* We must warn our readers, however, against comparing either of these factions with the two great parties of Whigs and Tories, or Liberals and Conservatives, among ourselves. There is all the difference between them that might be expected in two countries, one of which is thoroughly civilised, and the other just emerging from barbarism.

quelled the servile party both in Honduras and San Salvador. He also established something like order in Nicaragua and Costa Rica, but was not quite so successful in Guatemala. There a servile chief sprang up, by name Rafael Carrera, who acted as ringleader of the mob in an insurrection which took place on the 9th of June 1834. "At this time," says Dunlop, "he was about one-and-twenty years of age—a dark-coloured and extremely ill-looking *mestizo*. It appears that when a boy he had been servant to a woman in Amatitlan of the name of Hertuides Dias, and afterwards had been occupied in driving pigs for sale from the country to Guatemala and other large towns; and having by his talent acquired considerable influence among the aboriginal natives in the district of Mita, he used it to excite them against the government, circulating amongst these ignorant beings the story that the cholera morbus was caused by the poisoning of the waters. He and his followers, however, disappeared on the sight of a strong body of troops; but, though often defeated, he has always contrived to re-assemble his followers in greater numbers. He is undoubtedly a man of great natural talent, but of a violent temper, excessively ignorant, and consequently led principally by designing, ill-principled persons. Though supported, and finally induced to enter Guatemala by the Servile party, in the hope that he would act as their instrument, he has proved too cunning for them, and, instead of being (as they intended) removed when he had suited their purpose, he has kicked away the ladder by which he mounted to power; and, having possessed himself of absolute authority, has the good sense to employ liberal ministers in the government." In Feb. 1839 Morazan completed his second legal tenure of office as president of Central America. He was not again elected, nor was any other appointed in his place, so that we may date from this period the virtual dissolution of the Federal Republic. This was chiefly owing to the daring and machinations of Carrera, who, on the 21st of March in this year, put himself at the head of about 5000 armed Indians, and made an attack upon the city of Guatemala. The small garrison of 300 men was unable to cope with such odds; and, as the citizens refused to arm, the place was taken without any resistance, all the existing authorities were deposed, and the city was mulcted in the sum of 20,000 dollars for the benefit of Carrera and his Indians. The Servile party thenceforward obtained the upper hand in Guatemala. That state was formally dismembered from the Federal Republic and declared an independent republic, with Carrera for its president—an office which he still continues to fill. The last that we have heard of him was, that he was about to march against General Walker and his filibusters* from the United States. Morazan was not so fortunate. After various attempts made to restore the Federal Republic and regain his own lost influence, in April 1840, after having been absent for some time in Chili, he landed at Calderas in Costa Rica, from whence he proceeded to San José, the capital, and put down the absolute government of one Carrillo. He then called a representative assembly, got himself elected governor of the state, and levied supplies towards carrying on a war against Nicaragua. At this juncture, however, a new insurrection took place simultaneously in several towns in Costa Rica. On the 11th of Sept. a body of insurgents, 5000 in number, marched upon San José, which was defended by only 300 men; but with these Morazan resolved to cut his way through his enemies, and make for Cartago, which was supposed to be favourable to him. In this he succeeded; but, as the inhabitants of Cartago declined to rise on his behalf, the insurgents, who followed closely upon his heels, took him prisoner, and conveyed him back to San José, where he was summarily tried and put to death. Thus perished the most noteworthy character that Central America has yet produced, and with him expired the hope of ever reuniting the five states in one policy and under a single head.

Each state in Central America now forms an independent republic. Guatemala is the largest, having an area of 43,000 square miles, and a population of 850,000. Its capital is Guatemala, a large and handsome city, containing about 40,000 inhabitants. San Salvador has an area of

9594 square miles, and a population of 394,000. Its chief city is San Salvador, with a population of 25,000. Honduras contains 39,600 square miles, and a population of 350,000. Its capital, Comayagua, has between 7000 and 8000 inhabitants. Nicaragua contains 49,500 square miles, and a population of 300,000. Its chief town is Leon, on the lake Managua, with a population of about 18,000. Costa Rica comprises only 13,590 square miles, and a population of 125,000. Its capital is San José, a flourishing town of more than 20,000 inhabitants. The entire population of Central America is thus seen to amount to 2,019,000, or 13 inhabitants to the square mile. It is therefore the most populous portion of Spanish America, Mexico containing only 10 to the square mile, and Ecuador 1½. The proportion of pure whites in the population of Central America is very small, being only 100,000; those of mixed races number 800,000; the Negroes 10,000, and the Indians 1,109,000. Mr. Squier is of opinion that the direct tendency of things is still further to diminish the European element and absorb it in the indigenous or aboriginal races, as is the tendency also in Mexico. One or two remarks that he makes upon this subject are worthy of notice, and may serve at the same time to give our readers a taste of his last work:—"In Mexico," he says, "there are less than two millions of whites, or of persons having a preponderance of white blood, out of a population of eight millions; in Central America, less than two hundred thousand out of two millions; and in South America at large the proportions are nearly the same. It is impossible, while conceding all the influence which can be rationally claimed for other causes, to resist the conviction that the disasters which have befallen those countries are due to a grand practical misconception of the just relations of the races which compose them. The Indian does not possess, still less the South Sea Islander, and least of all the negro, the capacity to comprehend the principles which enter into the higher order of civil and political organisations. His instincts and his habits are inconsistent with their development, and no degree of education can teach him to understand and practise them." Mr. Squier has more to the same effect, in which we do not quite agree with him, though we cordially approve of his advice to the Central Americans to encourage immigration upon a larger scale as a means of averting the decline of its white population.

This leads us to the mention of the several projects that have been from time to time laid before the world, for connecting the Atlantic and Pacific Oceans, by means of a navigable canal cut through some part of Central America. For some time it was supposed that a natural connection existed between them. "It was the hope of finding *el secreto del estrecho*, the secret of the Strait, which led Columbus to coast along the continent from Honduras to the Orinoco, which carried Magellan to the straits which bear his name, and which animated and sustained Cortez when, followed only by a handful of soldiers, he advanced into the heart of the hostile empire of Mexico, and sent his exploring squadrons into the unknown waters of the great South Sea." When it became known, however, that no such secret strait existed, at once the idea of an artificial canal suggested itself, and three several lines through which it might pass early occupied the attention of travellers; namely, the Isthmus of Tehuantepec, the Isthmus of Nicaragua, and that of Panama. Although a subject of much speculation, no practical steps were ever taken, until lately, to effect this junction of the two oceans. Since the discovery of California, however, with its fields of gold, it has become a matter of immense importance to the United States to shorten the route between her ports on the Atlantic and San Francisco on the Pacific. Hence the project of a grand inter-oceanic canal, commencing at San Juan de Nicaragua, passing along the Valley of Nicaragua, until it falls into the lake of the same name, and finally communicating with the Pacific by one of several routes mentioned, though not we believe, yet quite decided upon. It was this project of an inter-oceanic canal that first brought the United States into direct contact with the Central American Governments, and led to the conclusion of the Clayton-Bulwer Treaty, in 1850. Up to that time the United States could not possibly pretend to have any right to control us in our dealings with the Central Americans, since she never possessed a foot of soil on the coast;

whereas, we have possessed territory there for a period of well-nigh two hundred years. But in the treaty alluded to, we bound ourselves down, most gratuitously (shall we say fatuously?), to the following terms:—viz., "The Governments of the United States and Great Britain, neither the one nor the other, shall ever occupy, or fortify, or colonise, or assume, or exercise any dominion, over Costa Rica, Nicaragua, the Mosquito Shore, or any part of Central America." The quarrel that has now arisen between the two countries mainly concerns our erection in 1852 of the Bay Islands before-mentioned into a colony—the United States contending that they belong not to us but to Honduras, and we maintaining that they form a dependency of the English settlement of Belize. Meanwhile the canal project, out of which the treaty arose, has never been carried out, and in all probability never will be, since the difficulties would be great, and the cost enormous; and hence a new project for an inter-oceanic railway across Honduras, which is as warmly advocated by Mr. Squier, in his new work, as the canal was in his work on Nicaragua.

In conclusion, we cannot help remarking upon the bitter feelings of hostility with which this writer appears to regard England—feelings which, we are happy to believe, are not shared in by the majority of his countrymen. He would persuade his readers, if possible, that the influence of England in Central America has been most baneful to that country, and that nothing but the ascendancy of the United States can bring prosperity to its inhabitants. It remains to be seen whether General Walker and his filibusters will inaugurate a new reign of peace, brotherhood, and prosperity; but England meanwhile can point to Costa Rica as that one of the republics in which her influence is most felt, and the only one of the five that can be pronounced flourishing and happy—enjoying a mild government, under which it increases its population, develops its resources, extends its commerce, and pays its debts. Such has been the condition of the small republic of Costa Rica now for several years. May it continue to prosper under the enlightened administration of its President, Juan Rafael Mora!

On the other hand, in Nicaragua, where the United States are said to possess the greatest influence, we find a decreasing population, a declining commerce, financial derangement and civil war. Its late President, General Chamorro, died on the 12th of March last year, bequeathing to his successor, José Maria Estrada, the task of dealing with a widely-spread insurrection, headed by one Castellon. Estrada, it seems, is the representative of the servile party in Nicaragua, as Castellon is of the liberal. It was to aid the latter that General Walker on the 13th of June last year landed at Realigo at the head of some sixty adventurers from California. He forthwith joined Castellon, and on the 29th a battle was fought at a place called Rivas, in which the allies were defeated. Since that time, however, Walker has been joined by some more of his countrymen, and, having obtained some advantages, has set up a rival president to Estrada, whom the Government at Washington is said to have acknowledged as the *de facto* ruler of Nicaragua. Such is the latest phase of Nicaraguan affairs. Of the actual position and prospects of Walker, nothing is certainly known farther than that the neighbouring states have taken alarm at his presence, and that he will in all likelihood have to retire unless he receives considerable reinforcements.

With this we conclude our notice of Central America, trusting that a happier destiny may yet be in store for its inhabitants.

Lake Ngami; or, Explorations and Discoveries during Four Years' Wanderings in the Wilds of South-Western Africa. By CHARLES JOHN ANDERSSON. London: Hurst and Blackett.

First Footsteps in East Africa; or, an Exploration of Harar. By RICHARD F. BURTON, Bombay Army. London: Longman and Co.

On Foot through Tyrol in the Summer of 1855. By WALTER WHITE, Author of "A Londoner's Walk to the Land's End." London: Chapman and Hall.

Two more big books on Africa; one more little book on the Tyrol. There was a time when travels in Africa were anticipated with eagerness, and read with rapt attention. That time is past. We have had enough, and more than enough, of African adventure. It is beginning to weary,

* The derivation of this word is curious. At first sight it appears to be a mere modern Yankeeism; but it is in reality the same as the French *Filibusters*—pronounced *Filibutiers*—a name which was adopted by the French buccaniers, and evidently derived from the English word *freebooters*.

because of its monotony. Every traveller's experiences are exactly like those of his predecessor; nature seems everywhere to present the same aspect to the eye, and humanity wears everywhere the same degraded form. Precisely the same dangers and the same escapes, the same fevers, the same sufferings, the same hunts, in which the hunter is always upon the point of being killed, but always contrives to creep away from the death that appears inevitable—fill the greater portion of the pages of all the narratives that have been given to the world by enterprising travellers since Mungo Park and Bruce invested that really uninteresting section of the globe with a hue of romance which their successors seem to feel themselves bound to sustain. The two volumes of African travel now upon our table cannot claim exemption from the common lot. They offer little that is new, though much that is amusing. They teem with adventures, which, if somewhat stale to those who have noted the literature of travel for the last twenty years, will yet doubtless possess attractions for a more youthful generation not so surfeited, and to whom every footstep of the traveller will be an introduction to a new world.

Mr. Burton, whose *First Footsteps in Eastern Africa* are here described, is the Mr. Burton who penetrated to the shrine of the prophet at Mecca. He is great at disguises. It was in the guise of a pilgrim that he obtained admittance to the sacred places of the Mahomedans. It was in the disguise of an Arab merchant that he visited the forbidden city of Harar. He left Aden in Oct. 1854, reached the capital of the Hadiyah empire in January 1855, and on the 9th of February returned in safety to Arabia. The volume before us contains his diary, kept during his march to and from Harar. The country traversed was before unknown to European travellers, except by report. Harar had been unvisited.

Mr. Andersson is a Swede. His narrative contains an account of two expeditions in the South-Western parts of Africa between the years 1850 and 1854. In the first of them he explored the Damaras, a country previously almost unknown to Europe, and Ovambo, a territory quite unknown; in the second he visited the newly-discovered Lake Ngami, reaching it by a route that had been deemed impracticable. The first journey was performed in company with Mr. Galton, whose work on "Tropical South Africa" is well known; the second was undertaken alone, dependant on his own resources. He informs us that when he first arrived in Africa, he generally travelled on foot all the day, regardless of heat, and vying with the natives in endurance; but that now, in consequence of the hardships to which he was subjected, his constitution is undermined, and the foundation laid of a malady which will probably attend him to the day of his death. "Yet," he adds, "such is the perverseness of human nature, that, did circumstances permit, he would return to this life of trial and privation." He should say, man's love of adventure, not his perverseness.

We shall glean indiscriminately, from these two new African travels, passages that will interest the reader and recommend the writers.

Mr. Burton thus describes

A DAY IN THE SOMALI COUNTRY.

With earliest dawn we arise, thankful to escape from mosquitos and close air. We repair to the terrace where devotions are supposed to be performed, and busy ourselves in watching our neighbours. Two in particular engage my attention; sisters by different mothers. The daughter of an Indian woman is a young person of fast propensities—her chocolate-coloured skin, long hair, and parrot-like profile are much admired by the *élégants* of Zayla; and she coquettes by dancing, combing, singing, and slapping the slave-girls, whenever an adorer may be looking. We sober-minded men, seeing her, quote the well-known lines—

Without justice a king is a cloud without rain;
Without goodness a sage is a field without fruit;
Without manners a youth is a brideless horse;
Without lore an old man is a waterless wady;
Without modesty woman is bread without salt.

The other is a matron of Abyssinian descent, as her skin, scarcely darker than a gipsy's, her long and bright blue fillet, and her gaudily fringed dress, denote. She tattoos her face: a livid line extends from her front hair to the tip of her nose; between her eyebrows is an ornament resembling a *fleur-de-lis*, and various beauty-spots adorn the corners of her mouth and the flaps of her countenance. She passes her day superintending the slave-girls, and weaving mats, the worsted work of this part of the world. We soon made acquaintance, as far as an exchange of salams. I regret, however, to say that there was some scandal about my charming neighbour; and that more than once she was detected making signals to distant peo-

sons with her hands. At 6 A.M. we descended to breakfast, which usually consists of sour grain cakes and roast mutton—at this hour a fine trial of health and cleanly living. A napkin is passed under my chin, as if I were a small child, and a sound scolding is administered when appetite appears deficient. Visitors are always asked to join us: we squat on the uncarpeted floor, round a circular stool, eat hard, and never stop to drink. The appetite of Africa astonishes us; we dispose of six ounces here for every one in Arabia—probably the effect of sweet water, after the briny produce of the "Eye of Yemen." We conclude this early breakfast with coffee and pipes, and generally return, after it, to the work of sleep. Then, provided with some sanctified Arabic book, I prepare for the reception of visitors. They come in by dozens—no man having apparently any business to occupy him—doff their slippers at the door, enter wrapped up in their Tobes or togas, and deposit their spears, point upwards, in the corner; those who have swords—the mark of respectability in Eastern Africa—place them at their feet. They shake the full hand (I was reproved for offering the fingers only); and when politely disposed, the inferior wraps his fist in the hem of his garment. They have nothing corresponding with the European idea of manners: they degrade all ceremony by the epithet *Shughl el banat*, or "girl's work," and pique themselves upon downrightness of manner—a favourite mask, by the by, for savage cunning to assume. But they are equally free from affectation, shyness, and vulgarity; and, after all, no manners are preferable to bad manners. Sometimes we are visited at this hour by Mohammed Sharmarkay, eldest son of the old governor. He is in age about thirty, a fine tall figure, slender but well knit, beardless and of light complexion, with large eyes, and a length of neck which a lady might covet. His only detracting feature is a slight projection of the oral region, that unmistakable proof of African blood. His movements have the grace of strength and suppleness: he is a good jumper, runs well, throws the spear admirably, and is a tolerable shot. Having received a liberal education at Mocha, he is held a learned man by his fellow countrymen. Like his father he despises presents, looking higher; with some trouble I persuaded him to accept a common map of Asia, and a revolver. His chief interest was concentrated in books: he borrowed my Abu Kasim to copy, and was never tired of talking about the religious sciences: he had weakened his eyes by hard reading, and a couple of blisters were sufficient to win his gratitude. Mohammed is now the eldest son; he appears determined to keep up the family name, having already married ten wives: the issue, however, two infant sons, were murdered by the Eesa Bedouins. Whenever he meets his father in the morning, he kisses his hand, and receives a salute upon the forehead. He aspires to the government of Zayla, and looks forward more reasonably than the Hajj to the day when the possession of Berberah will pour gold into his coffers. He shows none of his father's "softness": he advocates the bastinado, and, to keep his people at a distance, he has married an Arab wife, who allows no adult to enter the doors. The Somali, Spaniard-like, remark, "He is one of ourselves, though a little richer;" but when times change and luck returns, they are not unlikely to find themselves mistaken.

Here is Mr. Burton's picture of

THE SEX IN EASTERN AFRICA.

The Somali matron is distinguished—externally—from the maiden by a fillet of blue network or indigoyed cotton, which, covering the head and containing the hair, hangs down to the neck. Virgins wear their locks long, parted in the middle, and plaited in a multitude of hard thin pigtails: on certain festivals they twine flowers and plaster the head like Kafir women with a red ochre—the *coiffure* has the merit of originality. With massive rounded features, large flat craniums, long big eyes, broad brows, heavy chins, rich brown complexions, and round faces, they greatly resemble the stony beauties of Egypt—the models of the land ere Persia, Greece, and Rome reformed the profile and bleached the skin. They are of the Venus Kallipyga order of beauty: the feature is scarcely ever seen amongst young girls, but after the first child it becomes remarkable to a stranger. The Arabs have not failed to make it a matter of jibe:

'Tis a wonderful fact that your hips swell
Like boiled rice or a skin blown out,

sings a satirical Yemeni: the Somali retort by comparing the lank haunches of their neighbours to those of tadpoles or young frogs. One of their peculiar charms is a soft, low, and plaintive voice, derived from their African progenitors. Always an excellent thing in woman, here it is an undefinable charm. I have often lain awake for hours listening to the conversation of the Bedouin girls, whose accents sounded in my ears rather like music than mere utterance. In muscular strength and endurance the women of the Somali are far superior to their lords: at home they are engaged all day in domestic affairs, and tending the cattle; on journeys their manifold duties are to load and drive the camels, to look after the ropes, and, if necessary, to make them; to pitch the hut, to bring water and firewood, and to cook. Both sexes are equally temperate from necessity; the mead and the millet-beer, so common among the Abyssin-

nians and the Danakil, are entirely unknown to the Somali of the plains. As regards their morals, I regret to say that the traveller does not find them in the golden state which Teetotal doctrines lead him to expect. After much wandering, we are almost tempted to believe the bad doctrine that morality is a matter of geography; that nations and races have, like individuals, a pet vice, and that by restraining one you only exasperate another. As a general rule, Somali women prefer *amourettes* with strangers, following the well-known Arab proverb, "The new comer fillet the eye." In cases of scandal, the woman's tribe revenges its honour upon the man. Should a wife disappear with a fellow-clansman, and her husband accord divorce, no penal measures are taken, but she suffers in reputation, and her female friends do not spare her. Generally, the Somali women are cold of temperament, the result of artificial as well as natural causes: like the Kafirs, they are very prolific, but peculiarly bad mothers, neither loved nor respected by their children. The fair sex lasts longer in Eastern Africa than in India and Arabia: at thirty, however, charms are on the wane, and when old age comes on they are no exceptions to the hideous decrepitude of the East. The Somali, when they can afford it, marry between the ages of fifteen and twenty. Connections between tribes are common, and entitle the stranger to immunity from the blood-feud: men of family refuse, however, to ally themselves with the servile castes. Contrary to the Arab custom, none of these people will marry cousins; at the same time a man will give his daughter to his uncle, and take to wife, like the Jews and Gallas, a brother's relict. Some clans, the Habr Yunis for instance, refuse maidens of the same or even of a consanguineous family. This is probably a political device to preserve nationality and provide against a common enemy. The bride, as usual in the East, is rarely consulted, but frequent *tête-à-tête* at the well and in the bush when tending cattle effectually obviate this inconvenience: her relatives settle the marriage portion, which varies from a cloth and a bead necklace to fifty sheep or thirty dollars, and dowries are unknown. In the towns marriage ceremonies are celebrated with feasting and music. On first entering the nuptial hut, the bridegroom draws forth his horsewhip and inflicts memorable chastisement upon the fair person of his bride, with the view of taming any lurking propensity to shrewishness. This is carrying out with a will the Arab proverb:

The slave-girl from her capture, the wife from her wedding.

During the space of a week the spouse remains with his espoused, scarcely ever venturing out of the hut; his friends avoid him, and no lesser event than a plundering party or dollars to gain, would justify any intrusion. If the correctness of the wife be doubted, the husband, on the morning after marriage, digs a hole before his door and veils it with matting, or he rends the skirt of his Tobe, or he tears open some new hut-covering: this disgraces the woman's family. Polygamy is indispensable in a country where children are the principal wealth. The chiefs, arrived at manhood, immediately marry four wives: they divorce the old and unfruitful, and, as amongst the Kafirs, allow themselves an unlimited number in peculiar cases, especially when many of the sons have fallen. Daughters, as usual in Oriental countries, do not "count" as part of the family: they are, however, utilised by the father, who disposes of them to those who can increase his wealth and importance. Divorce is exceedingly common, for the men are liable to sudden fits of disgust. There is little ceremony in contracting marriage with any but maidens. I have heard a man propose after half an hour's acquaintance, and the fair one's reply was generally the question direct concerning "settlements." Old men frequently marry young girls, but then the portion is high and the *ménage à trois* common.

Now see him with

MY CARAVAN.

To describe my little caravan. Foremost struts Raghe, our Eesa guide, in all the bravery of Abbanship. He is bare-headed, and clothed in Tobe and slippers: a long, heavy, horn-hilted dagger is strapped round his waist, outside his dress; in his right hand he grasps a ponderous wirebond spear, which he uses as a staff, and the left forearm supports a round target of battered hide. Being a man of education, he bears on one shoulder a Musalla or prayer-carpet of tanned leather, the article used throughout the Somali country; slung over the other is a West or wicker bottle, containing water for religious absolution. He is accompanied by some men who carry a little stock of town goods and drive a camel colt, which by-the-by they manage to lose before midnight. My other attendants must now be introduced to you, as they are to be for the next two months companions of our journey. First in the list are the fair Samawada, Yusuf, and Aybla Farih—buxom dames about thirty years old, who presently secured the classical nicknames of Shehrazade and Denar-zade. They look each like three average women rolled into one, and emphatically belong to that race for which the article of feminine attire called, I believe, a "bussle," would be quite superfluous. Wonderful, truly, is their endurance of fatigue! During the march they carry pipe and tobacco, lead and flog the camels, adjust the burdens, and will never be in-

duced to ride, in sickness or in health. At the halt they unload the cattle, dispose the parcels in a semicircle, pitch over them the Gurgi or mat tent, cook our food, boil tea and coffee, and make themselves generally useful. They bivouack outside our abode, modestly not permitting the sexes to mingle, and in the severest cold wear no clothing but a head-fillet and an old Tobe. They have curious soft voices, which contrast agreeably with the harsh organs of the males. At first they were ashamed to see me; but that feeling soon wore off, and presently they enlivened the way with pleasantries far more naïve than refined. To relieve their greatest fatigue, nothing seems necessary but the "Jogsi:" they lie at full length, prone, stand upon each other's backs trampling and kneading with the toes, and rise like giants much refreshed. Always attendant upon these dames is Yusuf, a Zayla lad, who, being one-eyed, was pitilessly named by my companions the "Kalendar;" he prays frequently, is strict in his morals, and has conceived, like Mrs. Brownrigg, so exalted an idea of discipline, that, but for our influence, he certainly would have beaten the two female 'prentices to death. They hate him therefore, and he knows it.

Turn we now to Mr. Andersson, who is a mighty hunter, the Gordon Cumming of Sweden. His book is made up for the most part of anecdotes of huntings and shootings and observations in natural history. Hence it is full of interest for those who can sympathize with these pursuits.

A novelty in its way was

OX TRAVELLING.

Hans presented me with an ox, called "Spring," which I afterwards rode upwards of two thousand miles. On the day of our departure, he mounted us all on oxen, and a curious sight it was to see some of the men take their seats who had never before ridden on ox-back. It is impossible to guide an ox as one would guide a horse, for in the attempt to do so you would instantly jerk the stick out of his nose, which at once deprives you of every control over the beast; but by pulling both sides of the bridle at the same time, and towards the side you wish him to take, he is easily managed. Your seat is no less awkward and difficult; for the skin of the ox, unlike that of the horse, is loose; and, notwithstanding your saddle may be tightly girthed, you keep rocking to and fro, like a child in a cradle. A few days, however, enables a person to acquire a certain steadiness, and long habit will do the rest. Ox-travelling, when once a man is accustomed to it, is not so disagreeable as might be expected, particularly if one succeeds in obtaining a tractable animal. On emergencies, an ox can be made to proceed at a tolerably quick pace; for though his walk is only about three miles an hour at an average, he may be made to perform double that distance in the same time. Mr. Galton once accomplished twenty-four miles in four hours, and that, too, through heavy sand!

We recommend to our smoking friends desirous of "a sensation" the following novelty:

HOW THE HILL-DAMARAS SMOKE.

The manner in which the Hill-Damaras smoke, is widely different either from Hindu, Mussulman, or Christian. Instead of simply inhaling the smoke, and then immediately letting it escape, either by the mouth or nostril, they swallow it deliberately. The process is too singular to be passed over without notice. A small quantity of water is put into a large horn—usually of a koodoo—three or four feet long. A short clay pipe, filled either with tobacco or "dacka," is then introduced, and fixed vertically into the side near the extremity of the narrow end, communicating with the interior by means of a small aperture. This being done, the party present place themselves in a circle, observing deep silence; and, with open mouths, and eyes glistening with delight, they anxiously abide their turn. The chief man usually has the honour of enjoying the first pull at the pipe. From the moment that the orifice of the horn is applied to his lips, he seems to lose all consciousness of everything around him, and becomes entirely absorbed in the enjoyment. As little or no smoke escapes from his mouth, the effect is soon sufficiently apparent. His features become contorted, his eyes glassy and vacant, his mouth covered with froth, his whole body convulsed, and, in a few seconds, he is prostrate on the ground. A little water is then thrown over his body, proceeding, not unfrequently, from the mouth of a friend; his hair is violently pulled, or his head unceremoniously thumped with the hand. These somewhat disagreeable applications usually have the effect of restoring him to himself in a few minutes. Cases, however, have been known where people have died on the spot, from over-charging their stomachs with the poisonous fumes.

One of the plagues of the country was

THE SCORPIONS.

Having partaken of some supper, I was about to resign my weary limbs to repose, when suddenly there issued from a small hole, close to my head, a swarm of scorpions. Their appearance brought me to my feet in an instant; for, though not a particularly nervous man, I am free to confess to a great horror of all

crawling things. During the hot months these animals lie dormant; but, on the approach of the rainy season, they come forth in great numbers. On removing stones, decayed pieces of wood, &c., it is necessary to be very cautious. The instant the scorpion feels himself in contact with any part of the body of a man or beast, he lifts his tail, and, with his horny sting, inflicts a wound, which, though rarely fatal, is still of a very painful nature. Like the snake, the scorpion is fond of warmth; and it is not uncommon, on awakening in the morning, to find one or two of these horrid creatures snugly ensconced in the folds of the blanket, or under the pillow. On one occasion I killed a scorpion, measuring nearly seven and a half inches in length, that had thus unceremoniously introduced itself into my bed.

Here are some interesting

SCRAPS OF ORNITHOLOGY.

One morning, as we were about to yoke the oxen, we were amused to see them start off in every direction in the wildest confusion, and cutting the most ridiculous capers. The cause of this commotion was the arrival of a large flock of the *buphaga africana*, which alighted on the backs of the cattle for the purpose of feeding on the ticks with which their hides are covered. By means of their long claws and elastic tails, these birds are enabled to cling to and search every part of the beast. It was evident, however, that our oxen had never experienced a similar visitation; no wonder, therefore, that they were taken somewhat aback at being thus unceremoniously assailed. The *buphaga africana* is also a frequent companion of the rhinoceros, to which, besides being of service in ridding him of many of the insects that infect his hide, it performs the important part of sentinel. On many occasions has this watchful bird prevented me from getting a shot at that beast. The moment it suspects danger it flies almost perpendicularly up into the air, uttering sharp, shrill notes, that never fail to attract the attention of the rhinoceros, who, without waiting to ascertain the cause, almost instantly seeks safety in a precipitate flight. According to Mr. Cumming, these birds also attend upon the hippopotamus. Another bird (*textor erythrorhynchus*) is also in the habit of feeding upon parasitical insects, but is said to restrict its visits to the buffalo. In the part of Damara-land of which I am now speaking, that animal is unknown; yet the bird was in very great numbers. It appeared to be very social in its habits, living in colonies, and building its nest, which consists of dry sticks on lofty trees. We also made acquaintance with a small, sparrow-looking bird, the *amadinu squamifrons*, which deserves notice on account of its peculiar and interesting nest. According to Dr. Andrew Smith, this is placed on a small shrub, and is constructed of grass. But in Damara-land and parts adjacent, the materials are of a beautiful soft texture, not unlike sheep's wool. I never could discover the plant from which it was procured. The Hottentots use it as a substitute for gun-wadding, and it is by no means a bad makeshift. The nest is so strongly put together, that one has difficulty in separating it. When the old bird absents itself, it effectually conceals the opening of the nest from view. Even long after I was acquainted with this peculiarity, I was puzzled to find it out. Just above the entrance is a small hollow which has no communication with the interior of the nest, but which, by the uninitiated, is often mistaken for it. In this tube the male bird sits at night.

We add some facts relating to

THE OSTRICH.

The cry of the ostrich so greatly resembles that of a lion as occasionally to deceive even the natives. It is usually heard early in the morning, and at times also at night. The strength of the ostrich is enormous. A single blow from its gigantic foot (it always strikes forward) is sufficient to prostrate, nay, to kill many beasts of prey, such as the hyæna, the panther, the wild dog, the jackal, and others. The ostrich is exceedingly swift of foot; under ordinary circumstances outrunning a fleet horse: "What time she lifteth up herself on high, she scorneth the horse and his rider." On special occasions, and for a short distance, its speed is truly marvellous—perhaps not much less than a mile in half a minute. Its feet appear hardly to touch the ground, and the length between each stride is not unfrequently twelve to fourteen feet. Indeed, if we are to credit the testimony of Mr. Adanson, who says he witnessed the fact in Senegal, such is the rapidity and muscular power of the ostrich, that, even with two men mounted on his back, he will outstrip an English horse in speed! The ostrich, moreover, is long-winded, if I may use the expression; so that it is a work of time to exhaust the bird. The food of the ostrich in its wild state, consists of the seeds, tops, and buds of various shrubs and other plants; but it is often difficult to conceive how it can manage to live at all, for one not unfrequently meets with it in regions apparently destitute of vegetation of any kind.

He notes also a curious fact:

A peculiarity in regard to the eggs of the ostrich, and, so far as I am aware, confined to the eggs of this bird alone, is mentioned by several African travellers.

For example:—"The farmer here likewise informed me," says the author just quoted, "that a stone or two is sometimes found in the ostrich's eggs, which is hard, white, rather flat and smooth, and about the size of a bean. These stones are cut and made into buttons; but I never had the good fortune to see any of them." Again: "In these eggs," writes Barrow, "are frequently discovered a number of small oval-shaped pebbles, about the size of a marrow-fat pea, of a pale yellow colour, and exceedingly hard. In one egg we found nine, and in another twelve of such stones."

In the spring of this year we found in a hen's egg a stone resembling a bean, and just such as is here reported of the ostrich's egg. Is the phenomenon an uncommon one?

We now take up Mr. Walter White's volume. The author will, doubtless, be remembered for a delightful bit of descriptive writing published a few months ago, entitled "A Londoner's Walk to the Land's End," in which he proved what a pleasant book might be made even of a tour in England, and how much a keen observer may note which others pass unheeded as not worth notice. Mr. White spent last summer in the Tyrol, and, encouraged by the welcome given to his former recollections of a walk in England, he has now presented to us a narrative of his walk in the Tyrol; not a ponderous book, heavy to hold, and heavier still to read, but a lively, sparkling, graphic sketch of the impressions made upon his mind by the objects that passed before his eyes. But such a book can only be exhibited by extracts, and they will be its surest recommendation. Few who read these will not desire to read the whole, of which they are fair specimens, and not the cream merely.

The following is not an uncommon scene on the Stelvio.

YOU MUST GO BACK.

I unslung my knapsack and walked briskly up and down, for the cold was severe. The hissing, pelting storm continued unabated, and the wind blew with prolonged and dismal howl. I foreboded the worst: winter was triumphing in his own domain. At times a lump of rock rolling down the slope fell bump on the roof, and bounded over to the road, or, clearing the fence, disappeared in the depths below. Every minute seemed colder than the last, and I had much ado to keep warm by running to and fro, and beating my arms, when two gendarmes, in thick great-coats, appeared descending through the drift. They came straight towards me, and asked, "Have you a passport?"

"Certainly. You know that strangers cannot enter the land without one."

"Let us see it."

"Have you the right to demand it?"

"Have we not?" Whereupon, not to vex their suspicion, I produced the document.

The taller of the two, a hirsute fellow, with an exaggerated moustache, looked at it for a minute with a self-important air, and said, "'Tis not good, *mius' herunter*—You must go back."

"Not good!" I exclaimed, and pointed out the ambassador's visa, the double eagle, the Brengenz stamp, dwelling with emphasis on the legible name *Venedig*—Venice, and asked, "What is good, if that is not?"

Parrot-like came the answer: "'Tis not good. You must go back."

Then I repeated what had been said at Brengenz; how that I had leave to choose my road, and had been assured that no one would have a right to stop me on the Stelvio.

"All very well to say so; but you must go back."

"No, I won't go back. Moreover, I have a perfect right to go as far as the frontier; and they will tell me at Santa Maria if I am an unlawful intruder."

"*Miis' herunter*," retorted Surly, with a jerk of his head towards Gomagol. "There isn't a word in the passport about the Lombard provinces."

I persisted in my refusal, and made him inspect the visas again, one after the other. Meanwhile his comrade, who was neither harsh nor hairy, broke in with "Can you speak Italian?"

"About forty words?"

"Are you a pedler?" with a glance at my knapsack, that lay on a pine log. "What have you in your pack?" I explained. "What are you then?"

"An Englishman!"

My answer satisfied him; but Surly, keeping up his character, once more ejaculated, "*Miis' herunter*!"

"Not on my own legs," I rejoined. "You will have to carry me. It cost me too much trouble to get up."

Whether he hoped to extort a fee, or was really suspicious, I know not; certain it is, that after another inspection of the passport he gave it back into my hands, and muttering something through his moustache to his comrade, they both went on their way down the hill, very much to my satisfaction.

This was a scene

IN THE VOVALBERO.

Every one you meet on the road salutes with a

friendly "Morgen," and everywhere you see signs of industry—the rattle of looms in the cottages, and women at the doors, making their spinning-wheels hum again, while keeping up a lively gossip. There is something screeching in the tones of their voice like what may be heard among the women of Caernarvonshire; and their dialect is a strange one, abounding in corruptions and contractions, puzzling even to a German. In some words of two syllables, the second is entirely dropped; now and then you may hear "Atte" and "Omne," for father and mother; and the diminutives of baptismal names are some of them amusing: Johann Jacob, becomes *Hansjok*, and Maria Margaretha, *Marijret*. The Vorarlbergers, indeed, are noted for their plainness of speech, and away from the high-roads you will find them addressing the gentleman and the peasant with equal familiarity: nor do they scruple to speak their mind concerning their rulers. The morning was very hot, and the *Engel* at Götzis so invitingly clean, that I could not help calling for a *Halbe*, half-measure, of beer. It was brought in one of those heavy tapering glass tankards, covered by a bright pewter lid, which you find everywhere in use on both sides of the Bavarian frontier. Here the numbers of different sizes ranged on the shelves made one corner of the room glitter again. Two small loaves lay already on the table, and while resting I read in the *Schwabische Merkur* the telegraphic dispatches from London of the previous day—July 4—great prominence being given to the news from the *Krim*. Presently you discover the lid of the tankard to be useful as well as ornamental, for the flies swarm round in such clouds, that but for the protection your foaming draught would become thickened by the worrying pests. Patience! you will find them ten times more numerous farther south. At first, the large earthenware stove in one corner of the room, and the crucifix hanging in the other, strike you as unaccustomed objects; but they will become things familiar before your ramble is over, and you will find the crucifix meant for something more than mere ornament. On paying, I was made aware of the difference between paper and silver money. Eight kreutzers was the sum asked; but the hostess seeing that I produced specie, said, "Only six kreutzers, silver money;" a little instance of honesty which made a favourable impression on me, and the more so as occurring by the side of a well-frequented high-road. Other equally favourable touches of character came before me afterwards.

But our space is exhausted. Here we must pause reluctantly.

FICTION.

THE NEW NOVELS.

The Young Lord. By the Author of "The Discipline of Life," "Clare Abbey," &c. 2 vols. London: Hurst and Blackett.

Diana Wynyard. By the Author of "Alice Wentworth." 3 vols. London: Hurst and Blackett.

Randal Vaughan. 2 vols. By C. WARREN ADAMS, Esq. London: Newby.

The Young Commander. A Novel. By the Author of "The Two Midshipmen." 3 vols. London: Newby.

FOUR more novels. Is there yet an indication of the new era which peace was expected to inaugurate? Is there novelty of subject, of plot, of character, or of composition in either of them to awaken hope that at last the weary and worn-out conventional form of circulating library literature is to be abandoned, and something more real, earnest, honest, and life-like substituted? Looking through these ten volumes, we must own with sorrow that we can find nothing of it. There is seen in all of them the besetting sin of modern English fiction—the absence of the creative faculty to construct a plot, and to draw an original character. Incidents and persons are alike familiar to us; with the flimsiest disguises, they are repetitions of the scenes and actors found in other novels. But, though falling far below the lofty standard of merit which the reviewer would establish, they are not all of equal worth. There are degrees of mediocrity: sometimes it stands upon the verge of positive excellence; sometimes it falls almost to the depth of actual badness. Of the four before us *The Young Lord* is of the former class, and *Randal Vaughan* of the latter. Of each a few words in turn.

The Young Lord is from the pen of a member of the real aristocracy, and therefore not obnoxious to the complaint so often made here of the caricatures of aristocratic life continually imposed upon the ignorant public as pictures by novelists who have never spent twenty-four hours in their whole lives in the domestic circle of a nobleman. The present authoress is Lady Emily Ponsonby, who has a right to

introduce high life, because she belongs to it, and, knowing it well, can describe it as it is. This, to our mind, is the charm of a novel. We do not care to know what notions a lord has of a greengrocer, or a respectable middle-class lady of a lord; but we do all of us feel the utmost curiosity to peruse a picture of the aristocracy by a real lord; of the middle class by one of themselves; of the poor by those who have lived with them and shared their joys and sorrows. We do not believe that either class can depict the other class truly, but only conventionally. The lord of the Miss B.'s or Mr. C.'s novel is the established lord of the circulating library, just as on the stage there is the conventional passionate father, heavy father, impudent thief of a valet, and pert impertinent *soubrette*. It is the merit of the *Young Lord* that the society it describes is drawn from the life, or rather is true to the life; and for that the reader will probably forgive unskilfulness in the construction of the plot, and absence of originality in the conception of character.

But in this, and as in the three others now under notice, and indeed in almost every fiction that appears, there is a feature against which it is time to protest—for it is a growing evil: we refer to the feebleness of the dialogues. The authors appear to think that if they put into the mouths of their puppets the bald disjointed chat in which people are apt to indulge in daily life, they are following nature. "This is what he would have said," they argue, "and so I make him say it." In this they err. A novel is a work of art: it must be natural, but it should not be a daguerreotype of nature. Dialogue should be employed to advance the story either by the relation of incident or the revelation of character, but not to fill so many pages with sentences that do neither. This fault is common to all the four authors before us, but in different degrees. It is least in *The Young Lord*; most in *Randal Vaughan*.

Lord Singleton, the young lord, has one novelty for the hero of a novel—he is blind; and his love for Sybil, and Sybil's love for him in his affliction, form the interest of the story, in the working out of which there is exhibited a tenderness of truth and a sentiment, never degenerating into the sentimental, which proves the authoress to be capable of higher efforts than she has yet made. It is a manifest advance on its predecessors, and it is full of promise for the future.

Diana Wynyard has a better plot than either of them, and it is written in a singularly lively, cheerful, and trip-a-long fashion. Hence it is a very pleasant novel to read, and we forgive its faults for keeping us awake. There is a certain haziness in the conception of character. The people to whom we are introduced cannot be thought of "as people we have met;" and in the mind they have but a shadowy existence, like remembered dreams. Clara is the most real of the women, and Edward Boscowen of the men. He is, we suspect, a copy from the life; his eccentricities are consistent with themselves and with his entire character. If he be an invention and not a transcript, the author has greater capacity than we have credited to her. The writing is good; there are touches of pathos which bring tears to the eyes. It will be pleasant, if not very profitable, sea-side reading.

Mr. Adams's *Randal Vaughan* has been already noticed for the inanity of its dialogues. Whole pages of mere chatter try the patience of the reader. If all had been omitted which should not be there, the story would have been better told in a single volume of half the size of this. Mr. Vaughan has some qualifications for his task. He readily seizes, and can paint broadly, peculiarities of character, and he is fertile of incident. But here his merits end. He must improve much, and prune a great deal more, before he can take a high place even in the degenerated fiction of the time.

The Young Commander is moulded after Capt. Marryatt. Much of it is nautical. The author is constantly in chase of jests, with varying success. He has the sailor's dash and frolicsomeness, and in that spirit he writes. He does not deem it necessary to adhere to probabilities; but that does not much detract from the interest of a novel which is read for pleasurable excitement, and we are not willing to look too critically into the sources from which it is derived. Hence the success with the novel-reading public of so many which the critics have condemned. *The Young Commander* will probably have the same fate. It will please the public more than the reviewers.

POETRY AND THE DRAMA.

MADAME RISTORI.

THE advent among us of this matchless artist is, in itself, an event so unique and interesting that we shall make no apology for devoting a separate article to an attempt at appreciating her extraordinary qualities. And this is, to some extent, a necessary thing to do. When an ordinary person, or one gifted with mediocre talents, comes among us, it is an occurrence which produces no more effect than the ebb and flow of the sea, which is utterly effaced by its successor; but, when we are visited by a vast and dominating intellect which sweeps away the landmarks of art, changes the whole aspect of the present, and tears up the dull level of convention, then it becomes necessary to examine and scrutinise, lest we let go of anything that is of real value, and suffer our love of novelty and our admiration of genius to overcome our better and our calmer judgment.

When this happens (and fortunately for the serenity of the human mind it occurs but seldom), it is necessary to examine carefully and calmly the new order of things, clear away the old rubbish with as much expedition as may be, and reduce all that is new within the limits of intellectual law. In other words, we must scrutinise, appreciate, and arrange.

In discussing anything which appertains to the vexed questions of art, it is necessary to clear the ground as it were of all meshed and entangled brushwood, by placing at once certain dogmas as axioms which are not to be questioned. The absence of any fixed and undeniable standard of truth and excellence, as well as the propensity of human minds to differ, render this absolutely necessary. Unless we do so, we shall for ever be disputing about preliminaries, and, instead of driving straight at the vital point, we shall be wasting our ingenuity in endless refinements as to what the question in dispute really is. We shall begin, therefore, by declaring our opinion that the natural school of acting is superior to the classical, and that Madame Ristori is a supreme exponent of the former school.

A few words in explanation of these dogmatic statements. The natural school, in opposition to the classical school, is that which takes nature for its model; which represents men, women, human passions, and human actions as they are, and not as abstract ideas. The French call this the romantic school, and have considered Victor Hugo as its apostle. But it must be confessed that, in his strivings after the natural, the author of "Marie Delorme" never thoroughly attained it; and it also seems to us that the only great natural dramatist whom the French really possess is Molière, a poet fettered indeed, and bound hand and foot in the bonds of an inflexible formality, yet bearing about him the marks of a great genius of the first order, longing to soar, but for the irons upon his limbs, upward into the highest regions of the empyrean.

To speak the sober truth, the manner in which this question has been contested in France has tended to make it very contemptible. As a question between Shakspeare and Corneille, it might have been treated in a manner worthy of "the high argument;" but when it is made a *casus belli* between Victor Hugo on the one side and the wretched formalist who wrote "Lucrèce" on the other, we are constrained to declare that we do not care very much for either champion, and least of all for the masquerading knight who takes up the gage on behalf of the classical school. Be it understood that we speak thus of Victor Hugo only as a dramatist; for his odes (wherein lies the great strength of his muse) we entertain the highest respect.

Reverting to our subject, we take it as a fact beyond all contradiction that Madame Ristori is the greatest exponent of the natural school, as Mademoiselle Rachel is of the classic. It depends, therefore, upon the relative value which an individual may set upon these schools whether of the two he prefers. If his passion be for magnificent Alexandrines, a measured rhythm in the diction, *poses* like a marble statue, and the passions expressed by the features set in a conventional pattern, as fixed as an ancient comic mask, then he will give the palm to Rachel; but, if he admires a being impulsive, passionate, graceful, unfettered, talking inconsequently, loving without reason, illogically arriving at the truth because guided by the magnetism of a poetic heart, alternately swayed by the whirlwind of hatred and

the gentle breezes of love—in one word, if he loves woman as she is, then he must fall down and worship Ristori. It must be a catholic taste indeed that can with equal intensity thoroughly admire and appreciate both.

To become convinced that this is no exaggeration, it is only necessary (as vastness is only to be appreciated by comparison) to compare this perfect artist with the best actresses known to us. In the serious branches of the drama the only actresses (worthy of the name) whom we possess are—Mrs. Stirling, Miss Helen Faucit, Mrs. Charles Kean, Miss Glyn, and — And whom? No one else: the list comes to a sudden termination there; for we will not degrade these real artists by extending it any further. Nor will we institute any detailed comparison between the merits of these ladies and those of Madame Ristori. To do so would be cruelly unjust to them, and to be critical with ladies is a task we are little disposed to. Suffice it to say, that we should no more dream of classing her with them than the royal eagle among the feathered songsters of the grove. It is not, indeed, easy to reason about a matter like this. Fine acting, like beauty, is not to be defined. You say that there is a beautiful woman: the next passer-by does not agree with you. There is an end of the question, and nothing more can be said. Again, you may be told that Mrs. A. B. or Mrs. C. K. (take any initials you will out of the alphabet) is a great actress. You believe it, and you affect admiration; you pay your money for a stall manfully, and go with the kid gloves upon your hands which you intend to spit with clapping, and with the bouquet which (with enthusiasm prepose) you have purchased at Covent-garden. You go; are duly enchanted; offer up your little wave-offering at the Altar of Convention; and there is an end of it. But can you, O votary of fashion, lay your hand upon your white waistcoat and declare, upon the faith of a dandy, that your heart pulsates any the quicker for what you have seen? Because if it do not—if you do not feel that your whole being has been searched and agitated by the genius of the artist—if the master hand have not swept the inmost chords of your heart, and attuned them to most pathetic music—then are your admiration, your raptures, your bouquets, and your kid gloves, nothing but delusion, mockery, and sham. You can reason a man neither into nor out of a hearty admiration. It is in vain that you tell him that he ought to admire, when he feels his heart unmoved and his most superficial sympathies untouched. Equally in vain is it to tell him that he must not admire, when every fibre thrills with passion and emotion. The canons of art fail miserably before one single heart-throb, and the tear that wells unbidden to the eye is the best and truest critic in the world.

Now, taking this for the basis of our opinion, we declare unreservedly, without any fear of contradiction from those who have seen her, that Madame Ristori possesses far beyond every other artist of the present day the power of playing upon that most cunning instrument, the human heart. No one can so readily communicate to her audience the sentiments which are naturally inspired by the passions which she intends to depict. And this she has done in spite of two very formidable obstacles—obstacles which might well prove insurmountable to a less consummate artist—we refer to the necessity which her English audiences have been under to have constant reference to the book, and also to the inherent badness of most of the pieces in which she has appeared. As for the first, it is our opinion that her pantomimic power is so admirable, that no auditor of ordinary intelligence could fail to understand what she said without knowing a single word of Italian; and for the second, it is no flattery, but the simple truth, to assert that the deficiencies of the pieces rather enhanced than detracted from the wonderful vitality of her genius.

Let us devote a few words to each of the parts in which she has made herself known to our public—Medea, Pia, Maria Stuarda, Rosmunda, Mirandolina, and Francesca di Rimini. In speaking of the first of these, we must permit ourselves a few observations upon the piece itself. The *Medea* of M. Legouv  has been made the object of much hostile criticism by the critics of the English press. Its author has been accused of over-cleverness, and of having drawn the heroine as an inconsistent character, inharmonious, and incongruous throughout. But these accusations appear to us

unreasonable. In the first place, we cannot but admire the excellent taste which M. Legouv  has displayed in selecting from the crowd of incidents which the traditions of antiquity have grouped around the character of Medea only such as represent her in a womanly rather than in a diabolical light. There is no magic, no enchantments, no fiery dragons harnessed to her car, no boiling down old King Pelias in a cauldron: these events might have given a lively zest to a melodrama at the Porte St. Martin or the Adelphi; but M. Legouv  has, in our opinion, acted with the wisest discretion when he kept such outrageous matters out of his piece. If this be over-cleverness, M. Legouv  is, perhaps, amenable to the charge. But it seems that, after all, M. Legouv  has taken no greater liberties with the study of Medea than did Euripides himself; indeed not so much, for there is a tradition, which is as well supported as any other respecting this extraordinary woman, that it was not she, but the Corinthians who murdered her children, and that the Corinthians paid Euripides the enormous sum of five talents to write them a tragedy, in which the crime was to be shifted from their own shoulders on to those of the wretched mother. But, be that as it may, it seems to us that M. Legouv  has drawn the character of Medea with extreme fidelity to nature. Is it to be expected that a hot-blooded Colchian of those times, deserted by her husband—for whose sake she had committed crimes of blackest dye—with a rival in sight, her children starving, herself an outcast and a wanderer, would regulate her proceedings with the methodical regularity of a woman who contemplates a suit for alimony in the Ecclesiastical Court? From the time when she discovers Jason's infidelity three motives occupy her bosom: the first, to regain, if possible, her husband's erring affection; the second, to be revenged; the third arising from that maternal love which is never stronger than in a generous and impulsive nature. These motives, we maintain, are perfectly consistent, and are just what might be expected to predominate in the bosom of Medea under the circumstances. It has been said that the first act leaves Medea in a condition of fury against her husband, and that the second finds her "open to an accommodation." Well, suppose that she were open to accommodation (as the critic has elegantly expressed it)—what then? Had she no vanity left? no confidence in her own charms? Was it not just possible that Jason, seeing her once more, might experience a return of his once fond affection and forget the tame and paltry attractions, which, in her absence, had proved so irresistible. But the critic must have seen, very imperfectly; his eye must have been more occupied with the pages of his book than with the features of the great actress before him, if he did not see that, according to her conception of the part, Medea was but acting when she greets Jason with a friendly spirit. The glaring eye, the bitten lip, tell this, and bear witness to the passion which is raging within. Her second speech is pointed with a sarcasm, when she exclaims, in tones of the bitterest irony, "Jason! I am Medea!" From that moment until when she exclaims "Ah! dost thou repudiate me!" she never doubts his purpose; she knows too well what is coming upon her; and if she feigns for a time, it is only that the storm may burst forth with redoubled violence at the end.

We should have liked to pursue this subject farther, and to have examined M. Legouv 's piece step by step; but we have other matters to attend to ere we bring this article to a close. We must be content with expressing our opinion that it is an admirable piece, both in conception and execution; always remembering, however, that it belongs to a school of the drama which can find but little favour in English eyes. It has been said that the character of Medea is inconsistent; but we think we have proved that this is not so. It has been said also that that of Orpheus is prosy. That is a matter of taste. In our opinion it is by no means so. Both the sentiments and the language of the poet are poetical and refined; and (to adopt Sir Fretful Plagiary's test) the entire part does not exceed two hundred lines.

Of all the parts which Madame Ristori has played since she has been here perhaps none is so admirably calculated to display her crowning excellencies as this *Medea* of M. Legouv . It is a nature most terrible, and yet most womanly,—as woman is when she is most grandly natural. How terrible is she when she describes to the terrified Creusa the dread effects of her jealousy;

yet how tender is she when the avenger yields to the mother and the sweet voices and tender embraces of her children! We do not envy the man or the woman who could behold that deadly struggle between passion and tenderness without shedding hot tears of sympathy. Those who would see Ristori in her grandest phase should see her in *Medea*.

(To be continued.)

The *Second Volume of Burns* is added to Nicol's handsome "Library Edition of the British Poets." Now that prosperity is returning with peace, enterprises such as this cannot fail to have their reward.

Florum Sacra, by the Rev. George H. Smyttan, B.A. (Parker), has reached a second edition. We cannot tell why, for it is only common-place poetry, respectable album verse.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Signs of the Times. By C. C. J. BUNSEN. Translated from the German by SUSANNA WINKWORTH. London: Smith, Elder, and Co. 1856.

PRESERVING in his old age the faith, the hope, the earnestness of his youth, the excellent Bunsen here utters a word of counsel and encouragement to Germany. There is a German people; but there is, unfortunately, no German nation, or we should expect that word of truth and righteousness to strike the German heart with more of conquering, contagious potency. That a new reformation is about to burst forth in many lands, grander than that which enveloped and shook the world at the voice of Luther, is the one undying ray that warms and cheers the brave and true, who, turning from the burden and the bitterness of their own sorrows, see nothing in the region of politics but disenchantment and bondage. They hear, though no other ear may, the moan of earth's tortured and longing breast, that responds to a pang, an aspiration, and a presentiment in their own. Were there no black and angry thunder-clouds in the sky, they would yet know, from the sluggish, sullen air which presses on their brain like lead, that a tempest is approaching. It is more what they feel than what they behold which reveals to them the coming wrath and the coming deliverance. How long God should tolerate abomination and wickedness, it is not for the devout believers in his omnipotence and justice to declare. To our impatience his judgments ever seem tardy. While disposed to bear in silence the wrong and the wretchedness which perchance are our own unvarying lot, we yet besiege his throne with fiercest clamours against the cruelty and the caprice of the tyrant. We do not ask if God's arm is shortened that it cannot save, but if it is shortened that it cannot smite. Still, when he can chain his headlong impulses, his instinctive indignation, every valiant soldier of the supremest verities is compelled to confess that the Infinite Spirit delays his incarnations, his avatars, that he may fulminate forth at last as a more stupendous apocalypse of creative or destructive force. Even if it were not presumption to pierce too keenly and too far into the abyss of Deity, to scan too curiously the doings of Deity, we are fatally misled by fixing our gaze exclusively and persistently on the political scene. Here is the commotion, here is the conflict, here are the overthrow and the wreck. Here our senses are stung and stunned by turns. Here we are, therefore, especially disposed to watch for the finger of the Highest. And here we are sure to be disappointed, just in proportion to the interest we take in the battle. To affect indifference to politics is to affect indifference to one of the chief agencies of human weal. But to limit our view to politics is to condemn the government of the universe. There was a proverb in the Middle Ages which placed the immense majority of physicians among the atheists—would it be uncharitable to consider as atheists all mere politicians? Do not all mere politicians proclaim both by word and deed the great Jesuitical principle that the end justifies the means? And what can be more godless? In truth, he who would discern the Almighty in those upheavals and overwhelmings which we call revolutions, must discern him in the ordinary course of things. The life of boundless nature is no drama where stroke must rapidly follow stroke, and point glitter quickly after point, if the spectator is to be moved. The crash of the most awful catastrophes rather tells us what the Unseen has

been doing than what he is doing now. It is in the slow process, not in the majestic outburst, that we must seek the miracle. We must divest ourselves also of narrow teleological tendencies, which dry up and deaden so much in these days that otherwise would be religion. As God's Work and God's Being are one, and as his Being is perfection, it would be absurd to suppose him panting like a frail and imperfect child of the dust to achieve a certain ideal. Not then that he may be vindicated ought men to deem at any particular epoch the times ripe for a reformation. God is always vindicated, or never. The times become ripe for a reformation, not through the necessities of God's providence, but through the sins of the human race. And here, among the signs of the times, the primordial sign will be our own irresistible vehemence to denounce with the prophet's hot and annihilating words. When those who, in other and happier, healthier days, would be poets turn prophets, then is a reformation nigh. It is indeed said that the satirist, the moralist, the stern reprober of vice and folly, by whatsoever name named, ever scorns and scourges his own age as more corrupt than all preceding ages. But, though there is an immortal dream in the human breast of a golden age in the past, as of a golden age in the future, yet would Juvenal have lashed Rome in the sublime vigour of its early virtue as he lashed Rome in its decline? Crime culminates, and by the side of crime—almost worse than crime—epicurean indifference reigns, and whatever space profligacy has left free charlatanism dominates. It needs no wide historical experience, it needs no piercing flash of victorious intellect, it needs only a pure conscience, to mark these gigantic proportions and these foul forms of intense and incorrigible evil. Shrink not then from the confession of thy belief, O brother, that these our times are such as the older prophets would have anathematised as ripe for a reformation. And, if thou art asked the reasons for this thy faith, regard none as necessary but the faith itself. Nor let it restrain thee in thy utterances that thou wouldst fain be purged thyself from frailty, error, and pollution, before condemning the community. The times are ripe for a reformation; thy anger at prevailing guilt is an honest anger, and let it be breathed with full throat, without fear or favour. God will do the rest.

Germany cannot take, as she did more than three hundred years ago, the lead in the next and nobler reformation. It will be well for Germany if she can even follow when others lead. Considering how much we owe to Germany in the grandest of our modern movements, of which English Puritanism and the French Revolution were the direct descendants—considering how much Germany still contributes to what is largest, though no longer, alas! to what is most living, in humanity—how can we witness her present condition without unspeakable sorrow? It is one merit, and not the least, of Bunsen's courageous and beautiful book, that it enables us to look more cheerfully than we were wont on Germany. The book is a pleading for the Protestant idea, in the highest aimings, in the most pregnant significance thereof; but it is a pleading no less for the recuperative pith which Germany, though so fallen, and palsied, and disgraced, still treasures in her stagnant veins. It is enough to make us hope for Germany that she has still sons like Bunsen and like Ernst Moritz Arndt, to whom the work in the form of letters is addressed. The volume does not belong to literature, and cannot therefore be treated as a literary production; it belongs more properly to prophecy, in the truest, divinest sense of the word. The style is lumbering, the fashion of the statements pedantic. There is much that can be interesting to none but Germans: there is more that can be interesting only to those who believe in the metamorphosis of institutions which others more opulently dowered with the religious life may regard as destined to perish. There is also everywhere too profusely the colouring of the author's vast ecclesiastical studies. There is a curious and unpleasant mingling of the popular and the professional. Nevertheless, here is indubitably genuine and heroic speech, to which England may listen with no less profit than the author's countrymen. Because, though so far as toleration—one main fruit of the Protestant idea—is concerned, England has little to learn, yet she has much to learn regarding the relations of the Church to the State, and the duties of the State in the education of the people. Now, what

Bunsen has to say to us touching these and kindred matters is not essentially new; but, from the writer's peculiar attitude, it is fitted to strike the English mind as much as if it were new. We have not to suffer much in England from any priest party, as such; we have not much to dread from the extravagant claims of any fanatical or despotic hierarchy. What we have most to fear is, lest the Government should persist in seeking to accomplish toleration by allowing the different sects to neutralise each other, instead of munificently and magnanimously, and by direct and comprehensive means, seeking to promote the national culture. Government in England thinks half its work done when it allows each man to operate as a kind of chronic veto on his neighbour's proceedings. This, to be sure, is better than the system on the Continent, where Government is a chronic veto on the proceedings of the whole people. But whether the muzzling is done by citizen to citizen, or by the police to all citizens indiscriminately, there is small consonance to the ideal of the state. Merely to constrain and restrain is what you may set any blockhead, if strong enough, to do: the more stolid the blockhead, the fitter may he be for the office you allot him. But a padlock is not a paradise; nothing can grow on a padlock except rust, with which growth however, on innumerable padlocks, European rulers seem immensely satisfied.

The rusty key of innumerable rusty padlocks is what, ye nations, you are to accept and venerate as king. Bunsen protests with abundant emphasis, against padlockism; he sees all its defects; he hates all its horrible cruelties; he protests, however, too much in the name of the Protestant idea. Indeed, enthralled by that idea, he seems incapable of ascending to any more fertile conception of a community than what that idea suggests or permits. Now the Protestant idea is an energetic, but it is by no means a prolific idea. It wars with padlockism in favour of independent locks and independent keys. Yet no more on the lock than on the padlock can anything grow, rust excepted. The Protestant idea is simply and solely a weapon of conflict; where no conflict exists, or where no conflict is expected, it is utterly valueless. The very name, in truth, implies something negative. It imperiously indicates the right of the individual to be free from a certain foreign control, which he does not recognise. It is equivalent to individualism, when individualism is taken not as a cohesive but as a dissolving and disintegrating power. Superfluous and silly alike is it to vindicate the Protestant idea in what it has been, in what it has done; superfluous to maintain that alone of all nations have Protestant nations marched and flourished, or to prove that if France has also marched and flourished, it is because she adopted the Protestant spirit, while rejecting the Protestant forms and formulas. But if we look at the United States of America we see what the Protestant idea, unchecked, unmodified, unfructified, leads to, and how barren it is as a positive, creative, organising principle. Against Ultramontanisms, Inquisitions, Papal infallibilities, priestly arrogance, let it battle as it has battled. But toward what has been called the Church of the Future, toward what may be called the community of the future, what aid doth it offer us? Alas! none. But, Protestantism, apart, can the future ever be built out of the past? The single difference between Bunsen and his opponents is this—that they contend for the unity of the Church, and he contends for the unity of the congregation. Yet he and they are alike zealous in wishing to make the past the law and the model for the future. If, however, he would crush his foes and puissantly impel the regeneration of his fatherland, would it not be well for him to trust more to the breathings of the Omnipotent upon the nations, without reference to the squabbles of Protestantism and Popery? Why should we allow Luther and Calvin an authority which we refuse to the Council of Trent? Why, indeed, fight over the old eternal battle between freedom and authority at all? Tolerance and toleration, freedom and authority—these are vain and vapoury words if there is still a Holy Ghost of illimitable fecundity, of ceaseless transfigurement in the souls of men. Of old there were those who had not so much as heard that there was a Holy Ghost; and how many in these days do not seem to have heard that there is a Holy Ghost, who yet stand forth as religious reformers! We boast of our faith; but have we the faith that removeth moun-

tains, when we dare not trust our God to do his own work in his own way, and, doubting his wealth, try to save what we can for his use from the wreck of the bygone? Surely he can be no true reformer whose temper is so timid and hesitating, and who always cautiously guards a place of refuge lest his labours should fail. Even where we are certain that there can be no selfishness, no worldly calculation, yet how many continue to worship idols lest they should be confounded with the idol-breakers! What, however, is this daintiness but a confession of weakness and penury? We are not ourselves rich in divine things, or else we should believe in the inexhaustible riches of God, and if our chariot-wheels rushed on mightily, idols and idol-breakers would alike be dashed before them. It must, then, be from poverty in Bunsen's religious nature, more than from any other cause, that he still leans so much on a transfigured Protestantism, as distinguished from a kingdom of God which God alone is to create. When we ourselves dream of such a kingdom, we allow it to float before us as a vision which borrows nothing from what we know of religious institutions. It is only fragments and broken tints and outlines of this vision that we have yet been able to give to mankind. It is only such that we may ever be able to give. But may there not be in such fragmentary presentments something more nourishing to the world's religious needs than aught to be found in a large volume like this of Bunsen's? We speak not of genius, we speak not of learning; we are willing to take the lowest place or to stand outside the door. But if the indispensable is to leave God's kingdom in God's hands, one hue, one gleam from our vision may kindle the vision in others more rapturously than a burning plenitude of eloquent revelations. Foremost and brightest in our vision have always been a United Germany and a United Italy. Mere political revolutionism has over and over again confessed its impotence to give us either; because mere political revolutionism when, it does not willingly devastate, yet even when unwilling dislocates. Religion is in fact as in name the binding power; and the most national of banners is a national religion. It was only the overwhelming influence of Charles the Fifth which prevented Protestantism from being established throughout the whole of Germany, just as it was his son Philip the Second who saved Popery from destruction. And if Protestantism had gained that triumph a grand Protestant monarchy absorbing all German states would have been the result. If England and Scotland had not both been converted at the same time to Protestantism, a union between them would have been difficult, perhaps impossible. Frederick the Great did not sympathise with the spiritual life of Germany; besides being a free-thinker, he despised his country's literature; he thus severed himself from some of the deepest and most popular influences. Had it been otherwise, had Frederick been a German at all points, had he united religious enthusiasm to his military genius and his political sagacity, how near would he have brought the German people to that unity which must be the work of some future Frederick the Great, but of a Frederick the Great with something of Saint Louis in him. Sardinia is destined to do for Italy what Prussia must do for Germany; yet no more by liberalism, by political superiority, can the mighty labour be achieved by Sardinia than by Prussia. Sardinia must be the champion of the new reformation if she is to make Italy her own; and if nobler impulses did not urge her on, she has warning in the Concordat which Austria has concluded with the Pope. What is the meaning of that Concordat? This, or chiefly this—that Austria feels that the next struggle in Europe must be a religious struggle. Louis Napoleon also feels this as clearly as any one; and probably the chief blunder which his cunning is likely to make, is in exaggerating the vitality which yet lingers in Catholicism. He will ally himself with Catholicism, just like Austria, for his own objects. It is not improbable that we may yet see Russia, France, and Austria, as representatives and defenders of the old superstitions, grappling to the death with England, united Germany, and united Italy, as the representatives and defenders of the new reformation. The French are really not magnanimous enough to desire or to help the unification either of Italy or of Germany. They will do their utmost to hinder it; and as, of course, a united Germany is the extinction of Austria, it is natural enough that she should resist, with the energy and the madness of despair,

so stupendous a consummation. One thing most obviously needed toward the new reformation is that Prussia should have a man at its head. At present there is only a weak and wavering, even if amiable, pedant. For that pedant Bunsen has the kindest of words, to which no mortal can object, as the King has been his faithful and generous, though far from courageous, friend. Bunsen's too charitable judgments of other potentates—the late Emperor of Russia and the present Emperor of Austria—we cannot so readily pardon. There are other things calling for objection or remonstrance, but we feel in no mood to criticise. We would rather fervently place this book on the bosom of every brother, panting and striving for the new reformation.

ATTICUS.

PERIODICALS AND SERIALS.

The *National Review* is already taking a prominent place in periodical literature. It is very much what the *Edinburgh* was. As the latter grows duller and duller the *National* becomes more and more brilliant, and is now as pleasant to read as the *Edinburgh* is unreadable. The new number is good from beginning to end. The pen that has already delighted so much has achieved another triumph in an article on Tom Moore. A critic of no common capacity has reviewed Grote's history of Alexander the Great. "Pictures and Picture Criticism" is the subject of a brilliant paper. "The Hard Church Novel" lashes unmercifully a branch of literature which deserves no mercy. "The Character of Sir Robert Peel" is not equal to the rest, either in thought or writing. The "Noctes Ambrosianæ," however, compensates for the feebleness of its predecessor. The "Past and Future of Christianity" speaks the peculiar religious views of the *National*, as do "American Anxieties" its politics. Of both it may be said, that they are frank and honest, although we differ from them.

The *London Quarterly Review* still lives, and living still we presume that it thrives, though we wonder where so many quarterlies find purchasers. This number is lighter and livelier than its predecessors. Two papers are devoted to poetry—one to Longfellow, the other to Browning, Reade and Landon; "British and Foreign Agriculture" is the theme of a third. "The Life and Writings of Bossuet" is perhaps the best article in the number. "The Cornish Mines and Miners" opens a new life to the reader.

Blackwood completes the story of "The Metamorphoses" only too soon. "The Athelings" is continued, and steadily grows in interest. Mr. Oliphant's "Travels in Caucasus" open to us a new country. This is a much more readable number of *Maga* than some of which we had occasion to speak lately.

The *Church of England Quarterly Review* is by profession a religious journal, and devotes the greater portion of its space to its proper themes, such as "The Revision of the Bible," "The Ecclesiastical Commission," &c. But it mingles with these, reviews of general literature.

The *Journal of Sacred Literature* adheres more thoroughly to its scheme, and is wholly devoted to its professed objects, the elucidation of Biblical literature. It is edited by Dr. Burgess, the well-known editor of the *Clerical Journal*. Among the most remarkable of the contents are, papers on the Life and Times of St. Cyprian; on Polyglott Bibles; on Traditional Interpretation; and on the Genealogies of St. Matthew and St. Luke; and on Assyrian Verbs. It is quite a repertory of the learning of theology.

The *Dublin*, besides its continued papers, presents new ones on "Prisons and Prisoners;" on "De Foe;" and on "Lord Brougham." But we have seen better numbers than this—at least, more various and pleasing ones.

Bentley's Miscellany boasts a new romance by Harrison Ainsworth, called "The Spendthrift;" a dashing paper entitled "Five Days on Horseback in the Crimea;" and a pleasant reminiscence of "Old Actors," by Mr. Grinstead.

Hogg's Instructor has merged into a magazine, with the hideous name of "The Titan." But it has enlisted some new contributors, and among the rest Gerald Massey. Upon the whole it is improved, we think.

The *Asylum Journal of Mental Science* is devoted to insanity. It contains papers by experienced physicians on that form of disease. But some of them interest others than medical men—such as Dr. L. Robertson on the Mind and its Tenement, and Dr. Tuke on the various forms of mental disorder.

The *Scottish Review* is always sensible and instructive. "Dr. Guthrie," "Modern Preaching," and "Baths and Bathing" are the best papers in this number.

The *Journal of the Royal Asiatic Society* treats of the Gypsies of Egypt, the Vegetable Productions of Ceylon, the Arabs in Spain, and Chinese Theology.

The *Irish Quarterly Review*, with its wonted regard for the amusement of its readers, entertains them with capital papers on "Slick's High Life in New York," "Love and Politics," "Charles Mackay and Thomas Irwin," and "The Rev. Charles Wolfe," mingled with some more serious essays on purely instructive theories. It maintains its character as the most readable of the quarterly reviews.

The second part of Mr. Wright's *History of France* is a magnificent work copiously illustrated. It brings the history down to the year 1248.

Sharpe's London Magazine studies variety. The articles are short—some are clever; some are not worthy of their place. It is an illustrated magazine.

The *Eclectic Review* commences a series of "Studies of Foreign Literature." It reviews also "Hours with the Mystics," "The Peel Memoirs," and some other books.

The *New Quarterly Review* consists of short notices of the new books published during the quarter. We cannot conceive of what use such a review can be, seeing that all it contains can be more speedily and perfectly obtained through one of the literary journals at less cost. Its existence is a mystery. Who pays its losses?

Chambers's History of the Russian War has advanced to the tenth part, and the middle of the year 1855. It is illustrated, and will be a useful record—but it has lost all its present interest.

The *Englishwoman's Domestic Magazine* and *The Boy's Own Magazine* are two cheap monthlies, whose titles show the character of their contents.

The *Art Journal* presents Rubens's "Mary Anointing," and Potter's "Milking Time," from the Royal Galleries. Pyne is the modern artist chosen for illustration, and several woodcuts of his works are given. An essay on the Dutch genre painters is also profusely illustrated.

London University Magazine (No. II. for June).—This new periodical has a healthy and pleasant tone, and its poetry is distinctly above the usual magazine average. The translation of Heine's extraordinary poem of "The Slave Ship" has much freedom and gusto, and the sonnet called "Mary's Girlhood" is very finely written. On the whole, we take this as another encouraging proof of the excellent spirit which is obviously at work among the "rising generation" of literature.

The *Gentleman's Magazine*, in the hands of its new proprietors, commences with an Autobiography, giving its early history; and very curious it is. It has more illustrations than formerly, and its matter is more varied, while the best of its ancient features are retained. It is certainly much improved. We recommend to it a "Retrospective Review."

The sixth Number of *The Journal of Public Health* treats of Public Medicines, the Parasites of the Human Body, the Physical Education of Women, Lord Bacon's Sanitary Philosophy, &c. It promises a complete record of sanitary science and legislation.

Part VIII. of the collected Works of the Rev. Thomas M'Crie contains his treatise on "The Reformation in Italy."

The new number of the *Edinburgh Philosophical Journal* opens with an interesting account of edible sea-weeds; other popular articles, mingled with many scientific ones, treat of "the Mechanical Inventions of Dr. Hooke," Electricity in Plants, and the Extinction of Races of Men.

Dr. Winslow's Journal of Psychological Medicine is the only periodical now devoted to mental science. Articles on the Psychology of Leibnitz, the Lunatic Asylums of Scotland, on Dreams and Apparitions, on Physiological Psychology, Palmer's Case, calling for a further examination of the body of Cooke, and reviews of French and German works on Mental Physiology, make up a number full of interest and instruction for the philosopher, the statesman, and the physician.

EDUCATIONAL LITERATURE.

MINUTES OF THE COMMITTEE OF COUNCIL ON EDUCATION FOR 1855-6.

By the publication of this annual blue-book we may learn something more of the state of our popular education than by the vague guesses, imperfect returns, and insufficient "reports" of societies to which we were obliged to have recourse a few years ago. The educational department of the Government is now thoroughly established; indeed, the fear of interfering with its present modes of operation induced some parties to look coldly upon Lord John Russell's late educational attempt. The educational department is now extended and consolidated with that of Science and Art, lately under the direction of the Board of Trade; the naval and military schools are now under the same authority, and the endowed charity schools, in all cases where the imperfect powers of the Charity Commissioners are available, will be placed under the same management. A department so important and capable of so much influence should therefore be wisely administered and carefully observed. The statistical details of the volume before us show that what is called the Government scheme is steadily increasing in all its branches. The entire amount of the grant for 1855 was 369,602*l.*, being an increase of 53,820*l.* above that of the preceding year. Of this, about one-fifth was expended in school-buildings, one-tenth in inspection, rather less than two-fifths for payment of pupil teachers, and about one-ninth—we wish this item were larger—in augmenting the low salaries of the hardworking teachers of elementary schools, of whom there are now 3432 certificated, and, we may therefore pre-

sume, qualified for their arduous duties. We allude to this point, deeming it of paramount importance; abundance of facts will prove, what common sense would urge, that it is vain to expect worthy and talented men to continue in an employment for which they are grossly underpaid. Mr. Arnold says: "It is now sufficiently clear that the teacher to whom you give only a drudge's training" (and we might more forcibly add, give only a drudge's pay) "will do only a drudge's work, and will do it in a drudge's spirit; that, in order to insure good instruction, even within narrow limits, in a school, you must provide it with a master far superior to his scholars—with a master whose own attainments reach beyond the limits within which those of his scholars may be bounded." Need we add that such a man, possessing also the moral qualifications necessary to his office, should have at least a comfortable maintenance? and such we affirm is not yet provided for the elementary schoolmaster, his average income being yet considerably under 100*l.* per annum. Some theorists, including inspectors, gravely attempted to remedy this evil by declaiming against the efforts of superior teachers to improve their position by becoming clergymen, or accepting more remunerative situations. In regard to this Mr. Mitchell very sensibly observes: "There is an opinion abroad that a strong feeling of restlessness pervades the schoolmaster's profession. So far as this district is concerned such is not the case, there having been very few changes in the last five years, and those that have occurred have been mostly in cases where the salary has been but moderate, or the circumstances

of the school or neighbourhood not desirable. We must be content that school teachers shall follow the ordinary condition of life, and secure for themselves the best position in their power. I believe, if the evil exists, it will shortly correct itself; and I believe, too, that the cause is not always to be laid to the schoolmaster's desire of change."

This very complaint of restlessness urged against the schoolmaster proves that his position in the cases from which he desires to remove possesses either a minimum of comforts or a maximum of annoyances. It is only by reversing such a state of things that we shall render the elementary school attractive to good masters, who have certainly sense enough to avoid the inconveniences, expenses, and discomforts of changes for mere change sake. Mr. Alcock's suggestion to increase the schoolmasters' pay by granting 10*l.*, instead of 5*l.* as now paid, for the instruction of the first pupil teacher, is one of the most simple, efficacious, and practicable plans that have been proposed to improve the present scheme.

Much, however, has been done, and the change in the condition of most elementary schools, though gradual, is most marked. "Looking back," says Mr. Kennedy, "about twenty years ago, teachers of national schools were, as a general rule, careless and slovenly both about their own person and about the schoolroom. They now pay a becoming attention to these matters. Formerly we used to see large numbers of small, ill-placed, shapeless classes, under the charge of a tribe of little monitors, between whom and their weary charges there was a constant squab-

bling, while the master, in serene tranquillity, mended pens at his desk, though he now and then startled the disputants by sudden stentorian threatenings or by periodical smacks on the desk of the well-known cane. We now see, in pleasing contrast, well-arranged classes sitting unfatigued at parallel desks, each under the charge of the master, the assistant-master, or an apprentice, with its own black board and map, and piles of clean and good books all ready at hand for use. Thus far the contrast is pleasing to those painful abodes of noise and dirt, and I might add of idleness and ignorance, which were called national schools some twenty years ago. We have order instead of disorder, comparative cleanliness and tidiness in place of dirt and slovenliness, classification instead of confusion, and uniform obedience and reverence in the room of quarrelling and of positive disrespect alternating with sullenness. One main reason of this improved state of things is the more general supply of well-educated teachers. The wonder is that the country ever went on so long without taking steps to secure a regular supply of competent instructors."

One pleasing characteristic of the inspectors' reports is the evident honesty and fearlessness with which opinions are propounded. Much difference is evident among the inspectors as to modes of teaching, selections of subjects, and general suggestions; but there is an unmistakable conscientiousness pervading the reports generally that disproves the insinuations of subserviency that have been thrown out. Indeed, some inspectors express their views rather too *con amore*, and not without some of the asperity generally characteristic of an imperfect appreciation of an opposite view. Such, for instance, is Mr. Kennedy's rather disrespectful condemnation of Mr. Dawe's suggestions for the teaching of "common things," now generally admitted to be a very necessary subject for elementary education. This subject, when rightly taught, is very different from the mere "cramming with facts" with which Mr. Kennedy identifies it. There are very few practical teachers who would not be able to correct such a misconception, and to inform Mr. Kennedy that the aim of the lessons in question was first to develop habits of accurate observation, and on this basis to exercise the higher mental powers by careful inductive reasoning.

Prosodia. On Accent, in which the Difficulties of Accent, Stress, and Quantity are Solved. By JAMES A. DAVIES. London: Bell and Daldy.

We have before called attention to Mr. Davies's useful little pamphlet upon the pronunciation of the classical languages. The brochure, of which the title stands above, is devoted to explaining some of the mysteries by which schoolboys, if they think at all about the matter, are apt to be puzzled in learning Greek. What is the use of the accents? must be a question which must have occurred to many. The well-trained youth learns to apply the accents to his Greek verses with as much precision as he deals with the quantities of the syllables; but the whole seems labour in vain—the accents afford no practical direction as to pronunciation in any single case. The modern Greeks profess to retain the pronunciation of their ancestors; and their mode of marking the accents is to lay a stress upon the accented syllable, which generally involves lengthening it if it be a short one, and the shortening of the long syllables of the word. This process utterly destroys the metre of the hexameter, or any other Greek verse; and it is evident that had such a mode of pronunciation existed in ancient Greece, the metres of Homer and Sophocles could never have been invented. The fact is, as Mr. Davies points out, that accent and stress are two very different things, though often used promiscuously. *Prosodia*, or *accentus*, meant the singing quality of the voice of speech, which varies in its pitch, now rising by continuous motion through several degrees of the musical scale, now to the ordinary level or beneath it, sometimes in accordance with the various passions and affections of the mind, and sometimes without special reference to any particular feeling. The Scotch pronunciation is an example of the use of accent in its genuine and original sense, and when we say that a person speaks with a foreign accent, we also refer to a similar peculiarity of voice, one which depends upon variation of pitch, and not upon any peculiarity in the length of the

syllables uttered, nor upon any undue emphasis laid upon them. Accent is that part of a language which it is practically the most difficult to acquire in perfection. Most persons are quite capable of learning the exact pronunciation of each individual letter and syllable. But that delicate modulation of the voice, which distinguishes one nation from another, more completely than the possession of different sets of consonant and vowel sounds, is by many never completely attained.

It was this modulation which the Greeks appear to have intended to mark by their accents,—a system of notation to which the moderns have nothing corresponding. Mr. Davies's little book contains some valuable illustrations of this obscure subject, supported by copious quotations from ancient scholiasts, rhetoricians, and musicians, in whose works allusions to accentuation are found.

Le Censeur; or English Errors in Speaking French. By Mlle. E. D. G. Second Edition. London: Rolandi. 12mo.

A German Grammar, on a new and simplified method, for the use of Private Students and for Schools. By HERR BERNARD MONCRIFF. London: Longman and Co. 12mo.

Le Censeur adds to the thousand-and-one elementary works on the French language already existing; but is not to be avoided on that account. Mlle. E. D. G.'s little work will be found exceedingly useful to those who have made progress in speaking and writing French; but who continue to think in English instead of thinking in the former language. *Le Censeur* is a clear and intelligible introduction to idiomatic French. Thus: Do not say, "Elle mange *aucune* chose," as an English person would very likely say, when he wishes to express—"She eats anything;" but say, "Elle mange de tout." The words we are most likely to make blunders respecting are arranged in alphabetical order, and the right expression is opposed to the wrong one. An example or two:—

Do not say for—Will you give me your direction? Voulez-vous me donner votre *direction*? But say: Voulez-vous me donner votre *adresse*?—Do not say for—Should you like to have a screen put before that door? Voudriez-vous qu'on mit un *écran* devant cette porte? But say: Voudriez-vous qu'on mit un *paravent* devant cette porte? Do not say for—I am afraid it will rain! Je suis effrayé qu'il pleuve! But say: Je crains qu'il ne pleuve!

Our most patent blunders in speaking French the "Censeur" ably corrects.

Herr Moncriff's German Grammar is exceedingly compact, and exceedingly cheap, considering the amount of elementary information it contains. The list of irregular verbs, and the paradigms of the various parts of speech it gives, render it a handy little work for the writing-table. Syntax it does not meddle with. "The Syntax must, like the language itself, be learnt by practice. The Grammar is to serve only as a guide; and, like other guides, it performs its task best when the least loquacious." To some extent this is perfectly true.

The Imperial Atlas of Modern Geography. Parts I. to V. Glasgow and London: Blackie.

This is designed to be the largest, most perfect, and at the same time most accessible, because, for its bulk, the cheapest atlas yet published in this country. Each part contains four single or two double maps, coloured, folio, presenting the most recent discoveries, and the latest political decisions of territory in all parts of the world. It is compiled from the most reliable sources, and, although in size, shape, and getting-up, adapted for a nobleman's library, its price brings it within the reach of all schools, and of the households of the middle classes, and none of these should be without it.

The Stepping-Stone to Natural History. By JAMES OWEN. London: Longman.

A CATECHISM of natural history—a form of teaching we do not approve; but if ever used it should be in its present shape, for Mr. Owen has contrived to make it interesting. His questions and answers do not perplex youthful minds with hard words that convey no ideas to them, and his text is illustrated with engravings.

The Camel, his Organisation and Uses. By GEORGE P. MARSH. Boston.

A MINUTE account of that faithful friend of the eastern nations. It is written with the purpose to promote the introduction of the camel into the United States. But it is interesting to all lovers of natural history.

The Oration: of Demosthenes. Translated by CHARLES RANN KENNEDY. London: Bohn.

THE latest addition to Mr. Bohn's Classical Library. We cannot compliment Mr. Kennedy on the skillfulness of his translation. It is very literal, but it is very ungraceful. It is stiff and awkward. The difficulty is undoubtedly great to be at once exact and elegant; but the merit of a translator lies in overcoming that difficulty. A schoolboy could furnish a translation that is literal and nothing more; but we expect something more from a grown-up author. For learners who require literalness and not grace this translation is excellent; but for readers whose ears want to be pleased, it is harsh and dry. The *eloquence* of Demosthenes is not apparent in this English dress.

Elementary Arithmetic. By EDWARD LONG. Edinburgh: Blackwood.

THIS is entirely original. We have never seen any treatise on arithmetic at all like it, but whether it is what its title denotes we are very doubtful. In some particulars it is elementary. It attempts to explain the processes of arithmetic which other books do not, contenting themselves with giving the rule. Mr. Long, however, puts his explanations into words more likely to perplex youthful minds than to enlighten them. For instance, "it is usual to place the *subtrahend* under the *minuend*," and such like. If he could remove these and substitute some familiar words for them, he would make his book invaluable.

A Complete Catechism of the Descriptive Geography of England. By T. CHALLENGER. London: Longman and Co.

WE confess to much aversion to the catechetical method of teaching, that is to say, where a catechism is placed in the pupil's hand to be learned by rote. The proper use of it is only to ascertain what he knows after he has learned from some other book or from the teacher's oral instructions. To those who still approve this mode of teaching, popular because easy to teachers, this may be recommended as one of the best.

Rational Arithmetic. By W. HARDCASTLE. London: Relfe.

HAVING never yet seen a rational arithmetic, we opened this, hoping to have found one at last. We were disappointed. It is almost as difficult as its predecessors. Is it, then, impossible to simplify arithmetic? If it could be done, it would be the most valuable contribution ever made to the cause of education.

The Trachiniae of Sophocles; with short English Notes. London: Parker.

A CHEAP pocket-edition of the classics for school use. Notes in English are a decided improvement. How absurd to explain an unknown language in another language almost as unknown to the reader!

Short Notes to the Seven Plays of Sophocles. Oxford: Parker.

THE English notes to Parker's pocket edition of the plays collected in one small volume, without the text, for the use of those who possess the text in other forms.

Things not Generally Known. By JOHN TIMBS. Second Edition. Bogue.

MR. TIMBS's curious collection of odd scraps of knowledge under the above apt title has been so well received that already it has passed into a second edition. It is an excellent book for a school prize.

Modern History. (London: W. and R. Chambers.)

THE new volume of *Chambers's Educational Course*. It commences with the Reformation, and brings down the history of the world to the close of the Russian war. It is written pleasingly, with great care given to make it as much of a narrative and as little of a chronology as with so condensed a history was possible.

Books I. to III. of the Æneid of Virgil, with short English Notes. (Oxford: Parker).—A neat pocket edition of the classics, with short notes; cheap, neatly printed, and pleasant to read.

The Adventures of Jean Paul Choppard (Lambert and Co.) is a tale for boys, admirably told, cleverly illustrated, pointing a good moral, and which every youth should read.

The English Hymnal (Parker) is a collection of the hymns usually recognised by the Church of England, and adapted for the use of schools.

Preliminary Education for the Profession of Arms. By Lieut.-Col. T. Eardly Wilmot.—Useful practical hints for the preparation of boys for the army.

Examination Papers. Edited by Dr. Major.—Passages selected from Greek and Latin authors, in prose and verse, printed on separate slips, to be given to boys at schools for examination. They include also history, grammar, &c.

FOREIGN LITERATURE.

THE CRITIC ABROAD.

POETS were never greatly renowned for worldly wisdom—were never celebrated for providing against a rainy day. They sing merrily, but forget that singing does not fill the stomach. They are the children of Providence, in so far as they take no thought of to-morrow. They ignore Mill and political economy; Cocker and the rules of arithmetic. They cannot cast up their baker's bill, or give accurate change out of a crown piece. They don't in general know when they are cheated, and they don't know how to cheat. Unless he is uncommonly wide awake, you may pass off a gilt button upon the man of metres as readily as you would a genuine coin from the mint. He never knows the price of bread, or whether stocks are rising or falling. The par of exchange is a perfect mystery to him. In himself he is a social problem. One does not know always where to find him, where to look for him. The moon with her nutations, librations, her fits and starts, her behind-times and before-times, does not present a greater difficulty to the practical astronomer than does the poet—the genuine poet—to the practical man. He is abnormal—erratic. To-day he procrastinates; to-morrow he starts ahead like a rocket. He is a puzzle to both debtor and creditor; to-day profuse, to-morrow seedy as the yellowish cucumber. The worst of it is, that you cannot quarrel with him. You may say severe things to him, may shake an ominous frown in his face, and he only smiles. For the life of you, you cannot break his head. That would be rank treason against genius. He pulls out his pocket and shows its empty condition; he lays bare his heart and shows its riches. What use taking out a writ against this man? A jury would never give verdict against him. How could they? As well a verdict against a suckling. Your true poet is a man to be fleeced and spoliated; to have his teeth extracted, as we were wont to serve the Jews; but with this difference, that he submits to every painful process without exactly knowing why he should be a victim. And now for an illustration. Alphonse de Lamartine is a poet—a genuine poet. God has blessed him with brains and acres. He is not a poor poet; but he is a poet who does not exactly know how to extract sweetness from adversity. He is generous to a degree; but does not know the consequences of generosity. He expends his last franc on some object of charity, and awakes next morning expecting to find that last franc in his pocket. So he goes without his breakfast unless he has credit with the *restaurateur*. He continues the work of which we have already spoken—*Cours familier de littérature*; and the CRITIC has done more to popularise it than any other literary journal in England. But he grumbles that he has not a single subscriber in England. He has himself to blame—first, because in England we must have *l'annonce*; secondly, because we must have something better to entertain us in *l'entretien par mois* than Indian poems, which we may gather, without the fatigue of translation, from the *Journal of the Asiatic Society*.

Many of our readers must be aware that M. de Lamartine is one of the largest proprietors of vineyards in France. They may know, also, that the vine has, for the last few years, suffered from a fungoid disease, which has been as disastrous to the wine-grower and farmer in that country as was the potatoe disease in Ireland and Scotland. The farmer in France was distressed, the labourer disposed to be quarrelsome. Lamartine abandoned his rent; more, he fed the labourers. He was a poet, however, and never seems to have known anything about the indispensable document—a *balance-sheet*. The arithmetic of a poet makes two and two equal five, or equal three, as the case may be. M. de Lamartine therefore finds himself in a temporary difficulty, and appeals to the public as his next of kin. Two millions of debts! Divide by five and twenty, and you have the quotient in pounds sterling. Committees have been formed everywhere in France and in Europe, composed of men of all parties. They regard the poet, not the politician—the minister to our intellectual pleasures, not the minister of the revolution. Europe, all Europe, sympathises with the poet, save England, and England he foolishly reproaches with ingratitude. "England alone does not aid

me in my sad labours. The English appear to me the most indifferent of people. I have not two subscribers among them." So he says in a letter, which we have seen, to one of his friends in England. M. de Lamartine is as sadly mistaken about the English people as he is sadly mistaken about business. *Le poète est inconnu*—that is his own fault. Let him sing in an audible, intelligible whisper, and we listen to his whisper. Who now cares, except some bewildered denizen of Brittany, Normandy, or the Landes, about the *Mahabharata*? That Lamartine translates elegantly from English into French is nothing to the point. Our life is not in the past; and our interest in the past is only in so far as it reconciles us to the present, and assists us to the realisation of a better future? Then why perpetual whining? Why insistence upon disagreeable aspects of misery? Are none but poets to shed tears? Has vulgar human nature no regrets? Is it permitted only to the gifted to have painful reminiscences? Are headaches and toothaches the inheritance of the good and wealthy only? And, if they smart, is their wail to be more attended to than the wail from the same cause from the grimest *femme de ménage*? Let M. de Lamartine pay us a visit, and he will find that the English people are deficient in neither head nor heart—that they thoroughly appreciate him as a poet and a man, and that they can sympathise with him in his reverses. *Entretien V^e of the Cours Familier* is formidably dull; and from hermits, saints, and Sacountala, we would rather go back to ancient heathen sinners and the gods, for an insight of true human nature.

Paul Lacroix, otherwise the Bibliophile Jacob, celebrated for his patient labours in the literary "diggins" of France and elsewhere, has issued a small volume—*La Jeunesse de Molière*, the object of which is to settle some dates and fill up some blanks in the early life of the great comedian, which have hitherto been passed over by his biographers. Jean-Baptiste Poquelin was born the 14th January, 1622; the fact is made out from a baptismal register. The antiquarian sent in pursuit of facts leaves no book-cover unturned to get at them. Then he was not born under the pillars of the *Halles*, as tradition has often asserted; but in a house in the Rue Saint Honoré, known under the name of *Maison de Singes*. By all means let us be exact as to the starting point of a hero. His father was "Tapissier Valet de Chambre du Roi," and the son was destined to succeed the father, had he not at an early age taken a fancy for the stage. Through the influence of his grandfather he was sent to study in the Jesuit college of Clermont, from which he issued in his eighteenth year. This was in 1641. But from 1641 to 1645 what was he doing? In 1645 we find him in the *Illustre Théâtre*, directed by Béjart. But from 1645 to 1650, and then from 1650 to 1658, what was he doing? His biographers have not told us; but now, through the industry of the Bibliophile Jacob, we can follow the scholar issuing from college and proceeding to study law at Orleans, taking his degrees as a jurisconsult, studying theology in Paris, and then the physical sciences, metaphysics and mathematics, under Gassendi. The hours when he was not engaged in study were spent in the society of comedians and poets. It was the universal acquaintance which Molière (as he subsequently named himself) had with men of all ranks and professions that gave him such mastery in the portraiture of human character. Hence his judges, his notaries, his lawyers and apothecaries, his metaphysicians and his buffoons—his men and his women—are drawn true to life, however ridiculous or improbable the parts he makes them play in his comedies and farces. It was not only the society of actors he sought, but that also of actresses. Love, it has been said, decided his vocation. "He became a comedian," Bayle says, "that he might be near an actress whom he fell in love with." He quitted the benches of the Sorbonne, Tallement des Réaux records, to follow the Béjart. He loved the Béjart indeed, and made her his wife afterwards; but at the same time he loved the Duparc "desperately," he loved Mademoiselle Menou—"three women at once!" Hence, it has been observed that love is always at the bottom

of even his most comical situations, and that with satire is always mixed up such lively emotions respecting the sufferings of love. In the "Misanthrope," for example, what melancholy, what profound sentiment is expressed on the fatality of love:—

Elle a l'art de me plaire;
J'ai beau voir ses défauts et j'ai beau l'en blâmer,
En dépit qu'on en ait, elle se fait aimer.
She hath the art of pleasing me;
I see her faults, and well might I reprove her;
But spite of all she causes me to love her.

Again:—

Ma raison me le dit chaque jour;
Mais la raison n'est pas ce qui règle l'amour.
My reason tells me this each day;
But reason is not that which love doth sway.

The vagabond life of a comedian suited, apparently, the youthful years of Molière uncommonly well. We find him roving from town to town in the provinces of France, attended by his troop, writing plays for and earning fame for them. Bibliophile Jacob leads us in his footsteps; but his minute facts are rather tedious, however useful they be, and undoubtedly will be, to future biographers of Molière, and historians of the French stage. His volumette concludes with the reproduction of the *Ballet des Incompatibles*, an original piece of Molière's, which was performed, but never before printed. The indefatigable bibliophile found it, by accident, among the manuscripts of the Imperial Library. It is without interest to the existing generation, however amusing it might have been when danced before the Prince de Conti, at Montpellier, in 1654. We wonder how far the recent dance at Buckingham Palace was suggested by such pieces? We have in the first entry *Discord*, in the second the *Four Elements*, enacted by gentlemen. The Marquis de Bellefont represented *Fire*; the Marquis de Larboust, *Water*; the Marquis de Villars, *Air*; the Marquis de Fourques, *Earth*. Gentlemen dancers play the parts of Virtue, Fortune, Old and Young Men, Quacks, Bacchus, Courtisans, &c. It is only in the last entry that six ladies make their appearance, accompanied by the god of Silence. The speeches, if such they may be called, are brief; sometimes piquant; but nothing short of respect for the genius of the great comedian or France would justify the publicity now given to this *Ballet*.

La Légende de l'Épingle ("The Legend of the Pin"), by M. J. T. de Saint-Germain—a pseudonyme we apprehend—is not an idle story. It must be read to be enjoyed; it teaches a moral without being tedious. It is founded upon an incident which, if we mistake not, happened to the great French banker Lafitte. A rich banker was showing out a young man who had solicited a situation in his office, and saw him, as he was crossing the court-yard, pick up a pin. The banker, a sensible man and a man of order, immediately reproached himself for having been too severe: a mind so attentive to small details was evidently the man for his business. He had the young man recalled, installed him in his house, and confided to him important missions. Everything the pin-finder undertook succeeded, and marriage with a fortune crowned a youth which industry had protected against every storm. There is no catastrophe in the legend—none are killed, none miraculously raised to life. It is a happy contrast to much that is maudlin and monstrous in modern French fiction. Each of the thirty chapters which compose the work presents some curious trait in the human heart in its most delicate sensations—love, friendship, art, the sciences, all that human intelligence can embrace. The "Pin" tells her story gracefully and modestly; but as it is one of those stories which cannot be analysed, or which to analyse is to deprive of its charm, we must simply commend it to the notice of the reader.

M. Amédée Thierry, of the Institute, publishes in two volumes, *Histoire d'Attila et de ses Successeurs*, &c. ("History of Attila and his Successors until the Establishment of Hungarians in Europe, followed by Legends and Traditions"). To some readers the traditions and legends may present the greatest interest, as they enshrine the core of the romantic poetry of the Huns. M. Thierry has addressed himself seriously to his subject, and has produced a historical work of interest and value. The subject is a difficult one;

but what may not patient research overcome? Extracts from the work, already published, have excited great curiosity in Germany, Holland, Austria, England, even in Russia. The legends and traditions, as we have above observed, will present the greatest attraction. The author says:

As to the Hungarian traditions, the most curious of all, on account of their original poesy and often strange conceptions, if they serve little to the history of Attila, still enable us to understand admirably the spirit of the races which Attila brought with him, and in particular that of the Magyars—the last branch of the Hunnic people established in Europe. The heroes of the East show themselves to us in these in a new light, and in an unexpected one, as occidentals. Attila is the spirit of the Hunnic nations; incarnate in the Hungarian people, he lives again in their founder Almus, and in their first Christian King, St. Stephen. Flail of God when the Huns were Pagan, he became transformed into a patriarch and precursor of Christianity when the day of their conversion had arrived. We can see how the popular Attila was multiplied according to the age and the people who dreamt of him. It is curious hence to study the historical Attila; for the human mind, in its more ardent fantasies, does not go astray without reason.

Notice sur les *Revolvers*, by Anquetil, we commend to the military reader, to the digger, the American senator, and filibuster. "The future of the revolver is immense." Let us rather, however, have the defence than the contents of the most cunningly-constructed revolver. The construction of the revolver is fully explained, how to load and fire it, and how it may be made an effective instrument of defence and attack in the hands of infantry and cavalry officers.

Rivadavia of Madrid is bringing out a *Biblioteca de Autores Espanoles*—a library of Spanish authors, at something like 15s. a volume. The design is meritorious. Among the volumes already published, besides the works of Cervantes and those of other names known in England, we find the *Comedias escogidas* (The Select Comedies) of Tirso de Molina; the works of Don Francisco de Quevedo Villegas, those of the Padre Isla, and the *Romancer general* of Don Augustin Duban. The *Biblioteca*, in phrase of the "Row," is well got up, and will prove acceptable to the student of Spanish who has ample means of indulging in books. At Berlin has appeared in form of Spanish literature *Primavera y Flor de Romances*—a collection, in two volumes, of old and popular *Romances Castellanos*. What beautiful things are here! Rudely enough expressed sometimes, but beautiful in sentiment and in their truthfulness to human nature. The hero, the knight, the despot, the bridegroom, and the bride, the patriot and the lover, the dastard and the man afflicted with jealousy—all give utterance to their feelings, their hopes, their fears, their sorrows and vengeance in numbers, foreign enough to English forms of poetical composition, but not the less truthful for that reason. Illustrations of the originals would require translations; and translations, except from the pen of a Lockhart, would in the present instance fall toneless and spiritless upon the ear of even the most indulgent reader.

Foreign Books recently published.

[Where prices are given the franc has been valued at a shilling, and the thaler at three shillings, as in importing books duty and carriage have to be reckoned.]

FRENCH.

Armengaud, J. G. D.—*Les galeries publiques de l'Europe*. Rome. 2nd part. With engravings. Paris. 4to. 30s.
Beaufrand, Ch.—*Biographie des grands inventeurs dans les sciences, les arts, et l'industrie*. Paris. 12mo. 1s. 6d.
Dumas, Alexandre, fils.—*Aventures de quatre femmes et d'un perroquet*. Paris. 18mo. 1s.
Simon Jules.—*Le devoir*. 4th edit. Paris. 18mo. 3s. 6d.
London, Roland.

DUTCH.

Aa, A. J. van der.—*Biogr. woordenboek, &c.* (Biographical dictionary of the Netherlands). Haarlem. 8vo. In progress.
Bomhoff, H. D.—*Nieuw groot woordenboek, &c.* (The grand dictionary of the Dutch language). The Hague. 8vo.
Buren Schele, A. D. van.—*De russische spion, &c.* (The Russian spy, or the siege of Sevastopol). Amsterdam. 8vo. 8s.
Navorscher, De.—(The Dutch "Notes and Queries"). Amsterdam. 8vo. 10s.
Smits.—*De oude heer, &c.* (The old gentleman, a tale, with plates). The Hague. 8vo. 9s.

GERMAN.

Adler, H.—*Zur älteren, &c.* (History of ancient Schleswig). Breslau. 4to.
Bauernfeld.—*Gedichte, &c.* (Poems). Leipzig. 8vo. 4s.
Lobedanz, Edm.—*Narren d. Glücks* (The fools of fortune. A historical romance. 3 vols.). Leipzig. 8vo. 10s.

AMERICAN.

Bishop, J. P.—*Commentaries on the Criminal Law*. Vol. I. complete. New York. 8vo. 31s. 6d.
Descourtilz, Dr. J.—*Brazilian Ornithology, &c.* Parts I.—IV. Boston. Fol. 88s. each part.

LATIN.

Hagioglypta: sive picturae et sculpturae sacrae antiquiores, præsertim quæ Romæ reperiuntur, explicatae a Johanne l'Heureux (Macario). Paris. 8vo.

FRANCE.

Histoire de ma Vie ("Story of My Life"). Par GEORGE SAND. Paris: Victor Lecou. (Vol. XX.)

(Continued from page 280.)

WE left Madame Sand at the separation which took place between herself and her husband. The present volume (which is the last of the memoirs) opens with a chapter which is significantly headed—*Reflexions sur la separation de corps*. Considering that the arguments urged by a woman who has exhibited such a thorough appreciation of the institution of matrimony may be useful to those who are now agitating for woman's rights, we subjoin a few of the more prominent:—

A man may dishonour his wife, may cause her to be imprisoned, and may condemn her afterwards to return to a position of dependence upon him and to submit to his pardon and his caresses! If he should spare her this last outrage (the worst of all) he may cause her a life of gall and bitterness, reproach her with her fault every hour of her life, and keep her constantly under the humiliation of servitude and the fear of menace. Imagine for one moment the position of a mother under so outrageous a punishment! Behold her children condemned to either blush for her or to absolve her by detesting the author of her chastisement! See the attitude towards her of her relatives, her friends, even her servants! Imagine an implacable husband, a vindictive wife, and you will have a tragic interior!

And for what, pray, is the husband to be vindictive? For what is she to be imprisoned; for what pardoned; for what despised? Why should her children blush for her? Let those women who sympathise with such faults sympathise also with the punishment.

But in the case of Madame Sand the Court pronounced for a separation, and gave her by its judgment all the advantage. The care of her children was confided to her. M. Dudevant appealed against this decision, but gained nothing by his motion. He even endeavoured to remove the children from her protection, and actually succeeded in getting possession of the son; but the friends of the lady pursued him, and the boy was recovered without much scandal.

When this harassing business was over she started upon an excursion into Switzerland. At Geneva she made the acquaintance of the celebrated pianist Liszt, and of the scarcely less celebrated Countess d'Agoult, with both of whom she was intimate for many subsequent years. After this trip, which is very briefly noticed in the memoirs, she returned to Paris, accompanied by her friends. Here we find her at once in the middle of what was certainly the most intellectual society in Paris:

At the Hotel de France, whither Madame d'Agoult had persuaded me to accompany her, the mode of life was charming for a few days. She received many literary men, artists, and intelligent men of the world. It was through her that I made the acquaintance of Eugene Sue, Baron d'Eckstein, Chopin, Mickiewicz, Nourrit, Victor Schelcher, &c. My friends became hers. She knew also M. Lamennais, Pierre Leroux, Henri Heine, &c. Her saloon was then a rendezvous of the elite, over which she presided with exquisite grace.

Most of the illustrious names cited above must be familiar to our readers. One of them, as will presently be seen, became known in connection with that of the authoress herself; another will be recognised as belonging to one who, estranged from France through abhorrence of the government which is now dominant there, has been an occasional and valued contributor to this journal.

The following summer was spent by Madame Sand at Nohant, where she received some of her new friends as guests.

Madame d'Agoult came to spend a part of the year with me. Liszt, Charles Didier, Alexander Rey, and Bocage came also. We had a magnificent summer, and the piano of the great artist was our chief delight.

In the midst of these pleasures came the sad intelligence that her mother was on her death-

* The Italics are our own, and are intended merely to direct special attention to the more charming portions of this admirable logic.

bed. For some years we have lost sight of this singular woman; yet though she is seldom mentioned, the rising novelist and successful woman of the world appears to hold occasional intercourse with her violent yet affectionate, vulgar yet intelligent, parent. Why this intercourse was not more frequent may be easily understood from the following passage:

Since my marriage, I had no direct subjects of disagreement with her, but her tempestuous character did not cease to make me suffer. She came to Nohant, and gave way to her involuntary acts of injustice, and to her inexplicable susceptibilities, against the most unoffending persons. . . . My literary renown produced in her the strangest alternations of joy and anger. She would read the unfavourable criticisms in certain journals, and their perfidious insinuations against my principles and my manners. Immediately persuaded that it was all deserved, she wrote or she ran to overwhelm me with reproaches, either bringing or sending me a quantity of abusive paragraphs which, but for her, I never should have seen. Then I would ask her if she had read the work which was so ill spoken of; and never had she read it before condemning it. She would begin to read after protesting that she would not look at one word of it; and then, with the blind fondness of a mother, she would declare the work sublime, and the criticisms infamous. And this was repeated with each work that appeared. So it was with everything and every moment of my life. Whatever journey I made, whatever place I resided in, whatever person (old or young, man or woman) she met at my house, whatever bonnet I put upon my head or shoes to my feet, it was a constant criticism, an incessant worrying, which would degenerate into a serious quarrel and vehement reproaches if I did not hasten to satisfy her by permitting her to change my plans, my acquaintances, and my clothes, according to her pleasure.

When Madame Sand obeyed the summons and went to the sick couch of her mother all hope was past. She called in the best advice, but physic could do nothing but alleviate suffering. Very shortly afterwards she died.

From the deathbed of this poor old lady to that of Armand Carrel, the journalist, the transition is somewhat violent. It is Madame Sand, however, who compels us to make it, and we must perforce follow her bidding. The circumstances which led to the fatal duel between Carrel and Emile de Girardin have been already touched upon in this journal *à propos* of a memoir of the latter individual: but we were certainly not prepared to find a disciple of the liberal school, as Madame Sand professes to be, becoming the apologist of that venal journalist who incarnates in his own person all the inconsistencies of our own *Times*, and whose pen, like the lance of the freebooter, is ever at the service of the richest and most powerful paymaster. That which is a virtue in a body corporate of individuals containing representatives of all shades of opinion, becomes despicable in an individual; and it is necessary to draw this distinction, because, whilst we hold the French journalist to be a disgrace to his order, we believe not less firmly that the *Times* is the most splendid example of independent journalism and the freest expression of unfettered thought that the great institution of the press ever produced. But to return to the duel between these two men.

Up to the present day (says Madame Sand) the nineteenth century has produced two great journalists—Armand Carrel and Emile de Girardin. By a mysterious and mournful fatality, one killed the other; and (yet more striking fact) the victor in this deplorable combat, then young, and, to all appearance, inferior to the conquered in the extent of his talent, has since surpassed him by the full extent of the progress which has taken place in general ideas, and which he has made himself. If Carrel had lived, would he have submitted to this progress? Let us hope so; but let us not be prejudiced, and let us confess that, if he had remained as he was on the eve of his death, he would have appeared to us (I speak of those who think as I do) singularly behindhand.

If Madame Sand assumes to speak for the entire liberal party when she makes use of the word *us*, we imagine that very few of that body will be content to become identified with such opinions. The absurdity of imagining that Armand Carrel would have remained stationary, whilst the illegitimate offshoot of aristocracy—the venal journalist—the man who has reflected every shade of political opinion from his metallic and polished face—the shameless husband, who would gibe at the dishonour of his wife—was mounting to the summit of liberal opinion, is too preposterous. But when it is remembered that this apostle of journalism has become a patron of Madame Sand, and has thrown open his columns to her pen, this admiration of him becomes intel-

ligible to our understanding, if it does not win our respect.

We must confess that there is occasionally a frankness about the confessions of Madame Sand which positively claims our admiration. Take, for example, the passages in which she refers to her relation with Chopin, the great Polish musician. Everybody who knows anything about the history of Madame Sand knows that for many years she entertained a *liaison* with this gifted person; but few will be prepared to hear that she, a mother, and at the time occupied with the education of her children, received her lover with the same feelings as if he were her son.

As I was preparing to depart, Chopin, whom I saw daily, and whose genius and character I tenderly loved, used to say, that if he were in the place of Maurice he should soon be well. *I believed him and deceived myself.* I did not take him instead of Maurice, but with Maurice.

And thus accompanied, with her children on one side of her, and her lover on the other, she travelled through the south of France towards Majorca, where she had resolved to pass the winter. The incidents of this journey supplied material for her well-known work "*Un Hiver dans le Midi de l'Europe*;" but here she adds some interesting details, especially relating to the eccentric habits of her musical companion. It was in Majorca that he composed some of his finest preludes.

These were his *chefs-d'œuvre*. Many of them conjure up visions of departed monks and the sound of the funeral chants which surrounded them; others are melancholy and gentle; they came to him in hours of sun and health, with the sound of childish laughter beneath his window, the far-off music of guitars, the songs of birds under the humid foliage, and the sight of pale roses blooming amid the snow. Others again are of a sombre sadness that agonised the heart whilst they charmed the ear. There was one that came to him on one of those dull rainy evenings which fill the soul with terrible heaviness. Maurice and I had left him well that day, and had gone to Palma to buy some necessities for the household. The rain came on, the torrents swelled, we had travelled three leagues in six hours, and had returned in the midst of the inundation about the middle of the night, shoeless, abandoned by our driver, and after escaping from unheard-of dangers. We made haste in order to calm the anxiety of our invalid. It had been very lively, and had subsided into a sort of tranquil despair, and he played his admirable prelude upon the piano. When he saw us enter, he uttered a great cry, and said with a distracted air and strange tone, "I knew that you were dead."

It should be explained that Chopin was then suffering from a malady which eventually developed itself into consumption. Undoubtedly he was one of the greatest, though one of the wildest, of musical geniuses. When Madame Sand says that "the day will arrive when they will orchestrate his music," she does not fully understand the true nature of his genius, which was so spiritual, so impalpable, and so weird-like, that one might as well try to adapt the airs of an Eolian harp to the orchestra as one of his beautiful and fantastic compositions. Still less are we inclined to coincide with her exaggerated opinion of his merit when she declares that he had

An individuality more exquisite than Sebastian Bach, more powerful than Beethoven, more dramatic than Weber. That he was all three together, and still himself; that is to say, that he was more exquisite in taste, more severe in grandeur, more affecting in grief. Mozart alone was superior to him, because Mozart enjoyed more calmness and better health, and, consequently, more fullness of life.

Without seeking to depreciate the indisputable genius of Chopin, it must be confessed that this praise is somewhat excessive. But (as we have before taken occasion to notice) this is always the case with the friends of Madame Sand. Whenever we are introduced to a fresh batch of them, they are always the most delightful and the most wonderful people in the world. Pauline Garcia (Madame Viardot) is "the greatest female genius of the age," and her husband is "a modest scholar, a man of tact, and, above all, a good man;" Bocage is "the great artist;" Agricol Perdiguier is "the noble artisan," and Ferdinand François is "a pure and stoical soul." Even M. de Bonnechose is "the best of men and the most amiable, and the invaluable friend of Madame de Mariani." At the very end of this list comes a M. de Racogne, who enjoyed the somewhat dubious honour of being an "unpublished poet," but whose poems are said to have been "full of roses, though there was never a thorn at the heart." Madame Sand delights in expletives when she describes her friends. There

is a Captain Arpentigny who had "one of the freshest, the most original, and the most enlarged minds in the world;" Madame Allart was "a writer of very lofty sentiment and very poetic form." From these we pass to more celebrated characters, and these naturally become demigods in the estimation of their enthusiastic friend. The Polish poet Mickiewicz had "a genius equal to that of Byron;" Lablache is "the greatest comic actor and most perfect singer of the day;" and Quinet had "a great heart in a vast understanding." These are but a few of the extravagant estimates with which these volumes are overloaded.

At the conclusion of the volume Madame Sand brings her memoirs to an abrupt termination. The reason why she does so is not explained; but we suspect that both the public and the publishers were beginning to be wearied of these long and fruitless stories, these pages with more margin than matter, these endless recitals, as pointless as the garrulities of second childhood. Almost all that the public desired to know about her is ignored; and precisely at the period of her life when her actions began to be interesting, she has brought her conferences to an untimely end. None of her promises at the outset have been fulfilled. She promised to defend her reputation from the attacks which it had sustained; and she has left it, if possible, worse than it was before. Never was Madame Sand painted in such repulsive colours as she paints herself in these volumes. A self-willed woman, governed not so much by passion as by curiosity, animated by inordinate vanity, unbounded confidence in her own mental powers, and yet gifted rather with a facility of words than any real strength of thought: such is the real character of this singular and very much overrated woman. The French, who always think more of the matter than the manner, profess to admire her as a writer, and yet, whenever you press them for the reason of this admiration, you find that it is accorded because "she can write French"—writing French being, of course, the chief end and mission of a writer. We, who do not lay so much stress upon form, must learn to appreciate her by a truer standard, that of her own sex. Judged by that, she seems to us neither a woman nor a man; for she has the vices and inconsequences of one sex without the vigour and creative faculty of the other. In a word, she has the vices of both and the beauty of neither. A rightly-judging man must shrink from her as a monstrosity; a rightly-judging woman must blush that she wears the garments of her sex, and shun her as a delusion and a snare.

Her works may, indeed, serve for a sort of gospel to those who believe it to be the true mission of woman to go brawling and agitating about the world, to take part in the great battle of mankind, to cultivate brawny arms, and engage in the coarse and dirty labour of man; but by all women who respect themselves and understand their true character they must ever be objects of avoidance and detestation. In herself she is the best argument in refutation of her doctrines. She has lived as no woman can live and be respectable; added to which (deepest abasement of all) she is so lost to shame that she makes a parade and boast of her infamy. Let those who approve her practice support her doctrines.

(FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.)

Paris, July 13.
Speculation in France: Titled Gamblers.—*La Bourse—The Emperor's Letter—M. Ponsard—The Lamartine Subscriptions—his Large Income—Lamartine and Lord Byron—The Catholic Press in France: The Unvers, and its Friends.—A New Book, by De Tocqueville.—Théophile Gautier on the Decline of Modern Art.—The late Casimir Bonjour.—Theatres, &c.*

THE insane spirit of speculation has assumed the form of a perfect fever in Paris, and a terrible crash is looked for among some of our modern millionaires before long. The authorities do what they can to arrest the evil by giving imperative directions to the officials of the *Bourse* to deal only for ready money, and give no credit; but this is, in some cases, quite impossible. What broker could refuse to execute the orders of any of the great capitalists? But the great misfortune is, the blindness with which people of small fortunes—retired tradesmen, for instance—hazard their little all, gained by years of successful industry, in the wild schemes of the day. This class, often of very limited intelligence, seduced by the large fortunes which have been made within the last two or three years by men of straw, sell their *rentes*, and, trusting to the advice of some speculating friend, venture their four or five thousand pounds of capital,

and, after a few months of fevered anxiety, find themselves and their families penniless. It is in this class that the real sufferers are to be found; for the titled or untitled scamps, whose lives have been passed in scheming and gambling speculations, their losses are entitled to little sympathy, and, unfortunately, these are the persons who, by their better information and superior sharpness, generally lose the least. And it is notorious that more than one of this noble order, who were but a very few years ago well known, both in Paris and London, as living almost by their wits, and over head and ears in debt, are now—thanks to being admitted as sharers in a few modern speculations, where good information, and perhaps a little interest in high places, were useful—able to hold up their heads with the millionaires of the day. Where gains are so great the losses cannot, of course, be infrequent, even among the knowing ones; and among the sudden disappearances from the *Bourse*, where he had, of late, been a constant attendant, was that of a dashing young speculator, whose sister is considered one of the luckiest personages, as she is one of the most active, in money transactions, of the day. This unfortunate victim, it seems, found the differences so strong against him for the end of the month, that he found a sudden voyage expedient. He, consequently, quitted Paris, addressing the following letter to his sister, from one of the seaports:

A Madame la Comtesse de ——. My dear sister, I am off! I take with me 24,000l. (600,000 francs), and shall return with a million! Be certain of my success; but don't be impatient.—Your devoted brother, ——. N.B.—Pay my debts.

It is right to add that the postscript was complied with—at least, the debts in question were compromised on fair terms.

So much for the fever of the day; but I ought not to part with the subject of speculation without a few remarks upon the Emperor's letter, that all the world of Paris is talking about—an autograph to M. Ponsard, complimenting him upon his comedy called "*La Bourse*;" the said comedy being an attack, but one of the feeblest that can be well imagined, upon the prevailing passion for gambling in the stocks. Of this poor affair the Emperor writes in the most laudatory terms, in thanking the writer for a presentation copy. "I am happy to see you expose with all the authority of your talent, and attack, under the inspiration of the most noble sentiments, the fatal infatuation of the day. Go on, Sir; this new success engages you to follow up this work of morality, too much neglected, perhaps, at our theatres, and yet so worthy of authors, who, like yourself, would leave a glorious name behind them."

This warm praise from a personage constitutionally icy of course surprised every body. Setting aside the poverty of the production, which is really extreme, there was nothing in the occasion to call for such an unwonted excess of complimentary phrase. The epistle is in consequence generally set down, far less as a compliment to M. Ponsard than as a reproof collateral, administered to certain parties about his Majesty who are supposed to have entered very largely into the various colossal speculations now on foot, and against which the Emperor is known to have remonstrated in strong terms with some of the parties engaged in them—or rather in the traffic for shares to which they give rise; for here lies the fraud and gambling which leads so many to their ruin.

Though no great admirer of M. Ponsard's poetry, he possesses one thing which every man of sound feeling must admire—an honest and independent spirit. His first play, "*Virginia*," was meritedly successful; but he was a young man, quite unknown, and the patronage of the great was then a boon of inestimable advantage to his opening career. That generous protection he found at the hands of King Louis Philippe and his family, who treated the young poet with a kindness and distinction that even the adversity of his royal patrons—fatal to so many memories—could not teach him to forget; and, though fully appreciating the good qualities of the Emperor, M. Ponsard, recollecting the spoliation of the Orleans property (to say nothing of other parts of his conduct), has quietly kept aloof, and declined every offer of being presented to Napoleon III.

The Lamartine subscription goes on quietly; the appeal made to the public by his friends in his behalf having produced a list of *abonnés* to his *Cours familier de Littérature* which brought in somewhere about 400,000 francs (16,000l. sterling),—a very high figure indeed for France. It would, however, have risen much higher, but some friendly pen pointed out to the public that the distresses of the poet could not be so very pressing, seeing that, wholly independent of any private property he may possess, he is in the receipt of somewhere above three thousand a year, English money—a very respectable fortune in any country, and in France sufficient to command every luxury. This handsome income is derived from the following sources:—On Lamartine's visit to the East the Sultan was so charmed with the account of his journey and his writings, parts of which were then translated to the young sovereign for the first time, that he bestowed upon the celebrated writer a very large tract of land, worth at the lowest computation, ten thousand pounds. It was subsequently explained

to the royal donor that this princely gift was of little real value to a man living in France; upon which hint the generous Monarch exchanged it for a more tangible present of 26,000 francs (1,040*l.*) a year; which has ever since been duly paid into Rothschild's to M. de Lamartine's account. Besides this, there are two journals which he started since the Revolution of 1848, to which he still lends the credit of his name, for which he receives 25,000 francs annually from each; making in all the handsome income above mentioned. When this came to be thought upon, and seeing that he was still in the possession and daily exercise of his popular and most profitable talents, and that these large earnings were backed by a ready-money income of 3,000*l.* a year, it does not seem wonderful that people began to think the "distress" in such a case could not be so very urgent. One of his most frequent assailants quotes a celebrated phrase of his own against him, "*Messieurs, défions-nous des surprises du cœur.*" These were his words in the Chamber of Deputies, on the 24th February, when the Duchess of Orleans and her two children threw themselves on the representatives of the nation after the flight of Louis Philippe, and the attack on the Tuilleries. The *Figaro*, which quotes this unlucky sentence, ascribes to it the fall of the late dynasty. That Lamartine was of infinite service in moderating the violence of the Republicans in the first flush of their triumph there can be no doubt, notwithstanding the terrible *bon mot* which had such success at that time by the Countess de M—, "*C'est un incendiaire qui s'est fait pompier!*" Had Lamartine been a great man, he had one of the grandest opportunities at that period ever given to a human being to become anything he pleased, from a Cæsar to a Washington. But, perhaps, as Othello says, "Tis better as it is." He was not created for a statesman, much less a ruler of mankind. He is a sweet, but never a great poet, and his prose is distinguished by elegance and grace. But both are deficient in that grasp of thought and masculine vigour, without which it is impossible to arrive at greatness, either as a writer or a man.

Lamartine lately, in writing to a friend, declared that he had no admirers in England, which is certainly a mistake. So far as I have seen, they rather admire him (meaning his writings) too much. *Au reste* the English have no cause of quarrel with him save one—that was his audacious attempt to add a concluding canto to Lord Byron's "*Don Juan*." Imagine the pale, modest, sentimental muse of Lamartine mounted behind that rake-like devil of a *Don Juan*, on Byron's fiery Pegasus! Alas! Why will men neglect the brief but golden counsel of the sage, *γνῶθι σεαυτόν*.

The Catholic press in France is just now giving the unsophisticated public a most amusing and truly edifying spectacle. Recriminations, accusations, innuendoes, the counter-check quarrelsome, and the reproof valiant—in a word, all the verbose ammunition with which the arsenal of the ultramontane party is always so amply supplied, being hurled at each other's heads by the *Correspondant* on the one hand and the *Univers* on the other. In fact, it is Boileau's well-known epic, "*Le Lutrin*," put into action, and the virulence with which the contest is carried on on both sides is about equal to their want of logic and common sense.

The *Univers* is powerless to harm; but its friendship is far from being so innocuous as its enmity. The clerical provincial journals are beginning to find out that their leader is getting on a little too fast, and are placed in an awkward position—taunted by their opponents with their want of energy if they do not back the eccentricities of M. Veuillot, and taunted (with some justice) with fanaticism and an amount of eccentric bigotry not far removed from insanity.

Among the books lately published which are entitled to a serious notice, a foremost place must be assigned to "*L'Ancien Régime et la Révolution*," by M. de Tocqueville. I purpose making this volume the subject of a future letter, and therefore shall confine myself for the present to informing the reader that it has cost its author ten years' incessant labour, and that his friends think it not unequal to his reputation. In his preface M. de Tocqueville says:—"I hope I have written this book without prejudice; I shall not pretend that I have not been influenced by passion. A Frenchman could hardly be expected not to feel any when he thinks of his country and of the times in which he lives. I acknowledge, therefore, that in studying our former social institutions I have never lost sight of those which have replaced them. I have not only been desirous to witness how the patient died—I have also wished to see how his life could have been saved. I have followed the example of those physicians who in each extinct organ endeavour to detect the secret of life. My object has been to draw a picture strictly correct, and which, at the same time, might be instructive." On a future day I will endeavour to show how far M. de Tocqueville has succeeded in carrying out his plan.

Under the title of "*Les Beaux Arts en Europe*," Theophile Gautier has just published two volumes possessing great interest. M. Gautier may be considered as a French Ruskin—without, perhaps, the intense earnestness which renders Mr. Ruskin's works agreeable to read, even to those who most differ from

his extreme opinions; but there is a kindred feeling in their originality and their genuine appreciation of the beauties of art. Lest the reader should expect something new, however, it is only fair to state that the two volumes in question are merely a collection of the *feuilletons* published last year in the *Moniteur*, which had had the good fortune of securing M. Gautier for its art-critic. M. Gautier's great fault, and one point in which he materially differs from Ruskin, is the difficulty he labours under when he has an ill-natured thing to say. He praises every thing, more or less—what he approves of, extravagantly; what he dislikes, moderately only. The Pre-Raphaelites are evidently great favourites. The English sculptors he evidently feels much admiration for, for he condemns the use of drapery, and argues that the naked form is the main element in statuary. His views on the subject are worth transcribing:—

Statuary (he says), the natural offspring of pagan civilisation, which bloomed in the open air under the blue sky of Greece and its colonies, is at present only a hot-house plant, very expensive in its cultivation, and which seldom arrives at maturity, notwithstanding the care bestowed upon it. Nudity is the indispensable condition of statuary. We know it will be retorted that statues exist, which, though completely enveloped by drapery, are very fine, notwithstanding. But the most perfect form man can imagine is his own. His imagination could go beyond it. In the days of old, the human form being considered as the most perfect representation of ideal beauty, its outline was ennobled, enlarged, freed from all necessary detail—its lines were balanced with a learned regard for harmony (*avec une équilibre savante*). Each of its attitudes was meditated and fixed according to the laws of statics; a peculiar type distinguished each dignity, each hero; and the ancients thus arrived at sculpturing these white marble poems, the mutilated remains of which are now yielded up by excavations to call forth the admiration and despair of modern art. . . . At present, nudity, vigorously excluded, is only to be found in the dissecting-rooms of an hospital, or in the studio of an artist; and the human shape divine as it is, is unknown as that of the griffin or flying-snake. It requires the artist to possess an immense power of attraction to form a correct idea of humanity, more hermetically veiled than Isis, the mysterious goddess, and his works find but few to appreciate them. It is stated that Goethe requested his friend Frederick, a handsome well made young man, to strip off all his garments, and to walk naked along the shore of the lake, as he had never seen the effect produced by the naked human form standing out from the green masses of the landscape—a spectacle so frequent in the days of antiquity. Puerile as this fancy may appear, it has a deep meaning in it, and explains how art, properly so called, will one day completely disappear, and give place to genius, unless a complete revolution takes place in our manners and customs, which it is not easy to imagine. What interest can be felt in the representation of an unknown object? Man is contained in his clothes, which he never divests himself of, as the skeleton in its tenement of clay—the result will be, that this epidemic of cloth will in the end be alone represented. Then farewell frescoes, monumental paintings, historic pictures, statues of gods and goddesses—all ye absolute symbols of the beautiful, farewell!

M. Casimir Bonjour, who enjoyed some popularity as a *littérateur* under the Restoration, died in Paris a few days ago. He was born in 1795 at Clermont-sous-Argonne, in the department of the Meuse, and was educated at Rheims, where his father was a non-commissioned officer of gendarmes. Young Bonjour's ambition at first was to become professor in one of the numerous colleges, and to teach the idea of *la jeune France* how to shoot. He, however, soon got tired of pedagogy, and obtained a place at the Ministry of Finance, but was dismissed by M. de Villele, who informed him he "was too witty to be a clerk." Whether right or wrong, his dismissal was ascribed to Villele's annoyance at two lines in a work Bonjour had brought out a little time before, and which were understood to point at one of the financial celebrities of the day. The lines were as follow:

*Il économisa cent mille francs de rente
Sur ses appointements qui n'étaient que de trente.*

Adversity was, however, more useful to M. Bonjour than a continuance of ministerial patronage, inasmuch as it induced him to look upon literature as a profession, and compelled him to pay to his style, &c., an attention he would not otherwise have dreamt of bestowing upon it. Necessity, ingenious necessity, as the French fabulist calls it, gave a new impulse to his talent, and gave him the strength of mind necessary to overcome the obstacles which fortune places in the way of needy aspirants for literary honours. He succeeded, however, and obtained an honourable livelihood by his pen. His old enemy the Minister, who had a foible for men of talent, remembered his old employé, and procured for him a pension on the land list of Charles the Tenth. Bonjour's first comedy, "*La Mère Rival*," produced in 1821, was very popular on the stage, and still more so in the closet. Two years afterwards he brought out "*Les Deux Cousins*," and he was a made man. His other productions are—"*Le Mari à bonnes Fortunes*" (1824); "*L'Argent, le Protecteur, et le Mari*" (1829); "*Naissance, Fortune, et Mérite*" (1831); "*Le Presbytère*" (1833). Later, in 1836, he also brought out a novel, "*Le Malheur du Riche et le Bonheur du Pauvre*." At the time of his death M. Bonjour was keeper of the St. Geneviève Library, a post he had held for many years.

Our theatres, as usual, begin to decline in their receipts from the heat of the weather, and the flight to the country of almost every Parisian not bound to remain in town by the nature of his pursuits. Of novelty we have nothing worth a record. The *Variétés* have given us a poor affair, called *La Bourgeois*

de Village, another small kick at the prevailing mania of the day. It is too stupid to have the least effect, except that of sending the audience to sleep. A few more such blundering attacks would go far to write the rage for speculation into general favour.

We have lately opened a new amphitheatre, the Hippodrome, near the Bois de Boulogne, almost large enough for an ancient Roman circus. Quadrupeds are here the leading performers, and certainly top their biped colleagues, who do not figure to advantage in a piece intended to represent Scott's chivalrous tale of "*Ivanhoe*."

You will be sorry to hear that the Champs-Élysées are fast disappearing before an invasion of lath and plaster. The Exhibition commenced spoiling that noble promenade, and now a company has been formed to buy the ground, and cover the north and south side with noble houses, which will no doubt look very well, but whose appearance will hardly console the Parisians for the loss of their favourite *passaggio*. As a consequence, the Bois de Boulogne, which its distance makes anything but convenient, replaces the almost defunct Elysian fields. A place called *Pré Catalan*—why, the owner himself does not probably know—a kind of cross between old Tivoli and Cremorne Gardens in London, has been opened; but the uncertainty of the weather renders it very doubtful whether the Parisian breed of the *moutons de Pampur* will patronise the Catalan meadow to such an extent as to render the undertaking remunerative. The attractions consist of a very good band, an electric telegraph, by means of which you can carry on a conversation with a friend at the other end of the wire, photographic establishments, &c. &c. The place is pretty; but the fairer portion of the Parisian race who generally frequent such places—I mean the nymphs of Loretto—vote the *distractions* rather slow, and therefore its popularity is a matter exceedingly doubtful.

HUNGARY.

(FROM A CORRESPONDENT.)

[The following letter from a literary Hungarian has been kindly forwarded to us by the writer. We shall be very glad of further communications from the same pen.]

Pesth, July, 1856.

The history of Hungary at one time afforded no evidence of becoming a literary nation. Martial glory seemed to be the only privilege of Arpad's people; martial glory was the only mirror during the mediæval ages of its power and greatness. And when the genius of battles sunk his torch, there remained no stars on the sky which would have comforted the fatigued warriors, foretelling them a splendid, a more durable, future of spiritual life. Only the dawn of the present century opened the eyes of the people. It is not to be denied, that, as the old dusty mediæval relics inform us, Hungary was by no means so poor in its literature as it is believed to have been; it is not to be denied that there are among the putrid papers of old times many documents affording sufficiently lucid proofs of the Magyar's intellectual structure; but the whole literature extended itself only to few legends or prayer-books, written by pedant friars, or yet more pedantic "erudites," and compared with that of any other living nation falls into insignificance. At the commencement of the nineteenth century several good omens made their appearance, and increased the hope of every patriotic bosom; individuals were pursuing all branches of literature; the poetry—little before a wee, a petty baby—grew up to a flourishing youth of great promise; and in the year 1848 "*Hunnia*" could already boast of poets great, as a *Vörösmarty*, *Hisfalney*, *Hülsesay* *Petöfi*. The sciences approached also, though in very rigid steps, starchy by the circumstances, towards an independent development. The year of 1848 gave, unexpectedly as it came, a death-blow to all spiritual improvement. The nation fell asleep, and dreamt its frozen, heavy dreams. Sir, I can announce to you, the nation awoke.

Undertakings commence newly to make their appearance every day, which have their influence on all strata of the people. We have now a popular gazette: the *Vasárnapi ujság* (Sunday Tidings), can boast of 10,000 subscribers; another popular enterprise, the *Vasárnapi Könyvtár* (Sunday Library), of even 20,000—formidable numbers in Hungary. And while I set my pen purposing to inform you of the melancholy fate which continues to bereave the nation of her ablest sons—while I recollect that Hungary lost in the last seven months such men as a *Vörösmarty*, the greatest bard of Arpad's tongue; a *Horhy*, its greatest agriculturalist, expired February 5 this year; and a *Dezseredy* or a *Pazmandy*, both known as statesmen and promoters of physical improvement—I cannot on the other hand while tracing the newest phenomena of our spiritual life, fail to declare that the nation is yet alive. 50,000 men, all reverencers of his literary merit, assisted at the funeral of the Hungarian Homer, on the 19th November 1855; on the same day a subscription was immediately set on foot to relieve the necessities of his orphans; and though the police forbade the public announcements and contributions, the sum arrived to-day already at 100,000 florins. The nation will

shortly boast of having erected to his memory a monument.

The most remarkable productions of the last years are—Szalay's "Magyar-ország története" (History of Hungary), Telcky's "Hunyadiak Kora Magyar-országon" (The days of the Hunyady's in Hungary), both historical works of classical value; Eötvös's "Et XIX század eszméinek befolyása az álladalmra" (The influence of the nineteenth century's ideas on society); Ipolyi's "Hungarian Mythology," Terney's "Travels on Orient"—an historical essay on the origin of the Magyars; and the first great work on agriculture, "Et mezőgazdaság Konyve," partly already published, partly yet under press—being not only a translation of Mr. Stephens's "Book of the Farm," but a work which employs all

the treasures contained in our *oraculum agricolæ*. Mr. Korizmás and Mr. Morocz, the redactors of the "Gazdasági lapok," and Mr. Benkes, are the able editors.

Among the translations I must remember one of Plato's works, by Mr. Paul Hunfalvy, our greatest philologist and a linguist of European reputation; Homer's "Iliad," by St. Szabo; the translations are very poetic, and of a true Hungarian character. Macaulay's "History of England" is also translated by Mr. Csengery, and, though it is not an *ultima Thule*, is not bad: it is natural. He who would completely translate the masterpiece of the great master not only of modern English prose, but perhaps of human style, ought to be not less than the mightiest master of rhetorical art. Mr. Aes continues the translation of Shakspeare, commenced by Vörösmarty.

Mr. Greguss translates the "Lusiada" of Camoëns. The so-called "light literature" is now in the hands of the youth. Dalogh Zoltan, Lisznyag, Toth Endre, Toth Kalman, Vajda János, and Zalar, are at present the most known representatives of our poetical world; Iokai, Degre, Tompéry, Pálffy Albert, are our most known romancers and novelists. To characterise them is to say they are young men, young Hungarians, with more or less fiery fancy, with a greater or less important true poetic talent—it is to say that they will be imitators of Petőfy, without his genius—it is to say that we live now in the metamorphic period of the literature's development—in a time when, to the most faint-hearted pedantism, immediately follows the most unbridled, the most loose, the most licentious "popularity."

SCIENCE, ART, MUSIC, THE DRAMA, &c.

SCIENCE AND INVENTIONS.

THE FORTNIGHT.

THE use of mercury in silvering glass, which was always attended with deleterious consequences to the unfortunate workmen employed in the business, has been superseded by a process of M. Petitjean's, which was explained by Professor Faraday at the Royal Institution. It consists in the preparation of a solution containing oxide of silver, ammonia, nitric and tartaric acids, able to deposit metallic silver either at common or somewhat elevated temperatures. There are two silvering solutions: No. 1 consists of 1540 grains of nitrate of silver treated with 955 grains of strong solution of ammonia, and then with 7700 grains of water; to this, when clear, 170 grains of tartaric acid dissolved in 680 grains of water are added, and then 152 cubic inches more of water, and the whole then agitated. When the liquid is settled the clear part is poured off, and 152 cubic inches more of water added to the solid matter, and the clear fluids are then put together and increased by the addition of 61 cubic inches of water. No. 2 has this difference, that the tartaric acid is doubled in quantity. The apparatus consists of a cast-iron table box, containing water, with gas-burners to heat it. The surface is levelled and covered with a varnished cloth, and heat then applied until the temperature is 140° Fah. A plug of cotton dipped in the silvering fluid and a little polishing powder is passed over the glass to be silvered, and when dry the plate is cleaned. A portion of the silvering fluid is then poured on the surface of the glass, and spread carefully over every part by a cylinder of india-rubber, stretched upon wood and wetted with the solution. More fluid is added until there is a layer to one-tenth of an inch in depth, and the temperature then raised, and in fifteen or twenty minutes "a uniform opaque coat having a greyish tint in the upper surface is deposited." After being washed the under surface presents a brilliant metallic plate of high reflective power: the coat of silver, although thin, will sustain handling and bear polishing by rubbing with the hand and polishing powder. By this process, concave, convex, or corrugated surfaces may be silvered, and bottles and glasses coated internally.

—Professor Faraday, also, in some observations on divided gold, said he had been led by certain considerations to seek experimentally for some effect on the rays of light by bodies which, when in small quantities, had strong peculiar action upon it, and which also could be divided into plates and particles so thin and minute as to come far within the dimensions of an undulation of light, whilst they still retained more or less of the power they had in the mass. The vibrations of light are: for the violet ray 59,570 in an inch, and for the red ray 27,540 in an inch. Now a leaf of gold, as supplied by the mechanician, is only 1-280,000th of an inch in thickness, so that 7½ of these leaves might be placed on the space occupied by a single undulation of the red ray, and 5 in the space occupied by the violet undulation. Gold of this thickness and in this state is transparent, transmitting green light, while yellow light is reflected and some is absorbed. When gold leaf is laid upon a layer of water on glass, the water may easily be removed and solutions be substituted; then a solution of chlorine or of cyanide of potassium may be employed to thin the film of gold, and, as the latter dissolves the other metals present in the gold, it gives a pure result; and by washing away the cyanide, and draining and drying the last remains of water, the film is left attached to the glass. Examined either by the electric lamp, or the solar spectrum or the microscope, this film was apparently continuous in many parts where the thickness could not be a tenth or a twentieth part of the original gold leaf. In these parts gold appeared as a very transparent thing, reflecting yellow light, and transmitting green and other rays. It was so thin that it probably did not occupy more than a hundredth part of a vibration of light, and yet there was no peculiar effect produced. The rays of the spectrum were in succession sent through it, a part of all of them was either stopped or turned

back; but that which passed through was unchanged in its character, whether the gold plate was under ordinary circumstances, or in a very intense magnetic field of force.

The result of investigation has shown that New South Wales may add to our importations by the growth of wine. The district of the Hunter River, where the experiments have been made, consists of the coal formation, overlaid in many places by remote overflows of volcanic tracts, interspersed by tracts of decomposed porphyry and pudding-stone. The soil (partly of a light sandy loam and partly of a rich black mould with a considerable portion of clay and gravel) has been wholly turned over with the spade two and a half feet deep; it is elevated about 100 feet above the sea level, the aspect being to the sun. The grapes grown for white wine have been the Gonaïs, Verdelhaas, and Shepherd's varieties; and for red wine the Black Pineau, Grey Pineau, and Lambrusquat. Baron Liebig gave the following analysis of the samples sent to him:—"The wine Pineau Noir, Tinta, and Pineau Gris indicate a specific gravity .9920, produce in 100 volumes 16.20 of alcohol. In the same volumes .505 free acid, 3.625 dry residue, and .498 ashy constituents. The Irrawang sort has a specific gravity .940, contains in 100 volumes 13 volumes alcohol, .660 free acid; 100 volumes yield by evaporation 3.613 dry residue, consisting principally of saccharine matter, and .563 ashy constituents. These proportions are met with in Germany and France in the moist choice wines. Both sorts contain more alcohol and less free acid than the most esteemed Rhenish wines. The soil on which these wines are grown must contain much calcareous matter, for they approach in flavour the wines of Hungaria and Franconia. The red wines have many properties in common with Burgundy. At the Paris Exhibition last year Professor Owen stated with regard to the department of New South Wales: "The wines include white wines akin to those of the Rhine, red wines like those of Burgundy, Mousseaux varieties with a bouquet body, Muscats, and other sweet wines, rivaling the Montignac of the Cape." An evidence of the increasing importance of the vineyards of that colony is that the Silver Medal of the Society of Arts has been awarded to Mr. James King for the importation of these wines.

There is a very interesting exhibition at the Adelaide Gallery. On entering the room the spectator is astonished to find presented to his view the gigantic proportion of a Mammoth Tree, which has been named by Professor Lindley *Wellingtonia gigantea*. The exhibition consists of the bark only of the tree, of about 46 feet in height, which is propped up so as to represent the lower part of the tree in its natural state. The idea is a happy one, as there could be no other way of conveying to the mind the enormous proportions. The tree itself is found only in a sheltered valley, about 5000 feet above the sea level, in the Sierra Nevada of California, about 225 miles from San Francisco, and 15 miles from Murphy's Camp, the nearest "diggings." There is a group of them, about 90 in number, all within a mile of each other. "They are evergreen and coniferous, having a small imbricated leaf, resembling the cypress or juniper; the cones are about 2½ inches long and 2 inches in diameter; the wood is light and soft, and of a reddish colour, like cedar, but entirely devoid of odour; the bark lies in ridges, and varies in thickness from 3 to 22 inches." The tree from which the bark has been taken is called the "Mother of the Forest." The full height is 363 feet; diameter, at base, 31 feet; at 100 feet from the base, 15 feet. The bark has been removed to the height of 116 feet, of which, as we have stated, a portion only is seen. Mr. Trask, the proprietor, now awaits the time when some ample space can be found in which it can be elevated. We can conceive no spot more appropriate than the Crystal Palace, at Sydenham, where its proportions could be seen to advantage, forming, as it undoubtedly would in such a case, one of the most interesting portions of that Exhibition. The age has been calculated at about 3000 years, upon an examination of the concentric rings. Some specimens of young trees may,

also, be seen exhibited by Messrs. Veitch, of the Exotic Nursery, Chelsea.

India-rubber, which by a process of hardening—that is, by a combination with sulphur and magnesia—has already been converted into a variety of forms as ingenious as they were novel, has now, by a new process, discovered and patented in America by Mr. Chaffee, been rendered capable of still further conversion into new forms. Coal tar is mixed with the rubber, and the compound makes one of the most solid, elastic, and elegant substances that can be anywhere found. It resembles polished stone, is as black as coal, needs no finish, and has of itself as hard and exquisite a polish as could be imparted to any metal. Among the articles may be mentioned canes tough as steel with all the elasticity of whalebone. Inlaid and mosaic cabinet-work, spectacle bows and glasses, made so light as to be no annoyance and so elastic as to sit firm to the head, opera glasses, hair brushes, tape lines, pen-holders, pencil-cases—in short an almost endless variety of articles. The invention thus promises to effect a complete revolution in the arts and manufactures.

The importance of an immediate communication between the guard and engine-driver ought not to be overlooked, as it appears to be at this time. As often as an accident occurs the subject is started, only, however, to be set aside when the consequent excitement has passed away. A very ingenious application of the galvanic battery has been made use of for the purpose. A gutta-percha tubing in which the wires are insulated connects the battery with an alarm bell placed on the engine; by means of a handle signals can be instantly communicated to the bell, an indicator conveying the intended order either for stopping, going on easy, &c., as may be necessary under the circumstances. It is the invention of Mr. T. Allen, of Adelphi-terrace. Of course the carriage in which the guard is ought always to be last; and in the event of additional carriages being required the tubing can be readily rolled up while the carriages are being added, and the communication again made throughout the length of the train, thus always placing the guard and engine-driver in constant and immediate communication.

A return lately made of the sums granted to scientific establishments and societies during the last five years, shows the amount of support given by the Government to these institutions. The Royal Society has received 1,000*l.* a year during this period. The establishment at Marlborough House has received 205,719*l.* 0*s.* 7*d.* in this time. This may be considered the "pet concern." 14,697*l.* 7*s.* 2*d.* has been spent in 1856 in various purchases and acquisitions for the British Museum; 882*l.* 18*s.* 3*d.* for excavations in Assyria, and transport of marbles. The Antiquarian Society, the Geological Society, the Entomological Society, the Society of Arts, and Zoological Society, have received no grant whatever; the last-named society showing that they were heavily taxed for the rent of the 26½ acres of land occupied by them, amounting in the five years to 2117*l.* 7*s.* 6*d.*

The discovery of iron on the wilds of Exmoor seems destined to produce a complete revolution in the iron trade. It is expected that from 200,000 to 300,000 tons of ore may be raised annually; the most remarkable specimen yet obtained being the white carbonate used in the manufacture of steel, and for which English makers have been hitherto chiefly dependent on Sweden. These are also found in great abundance, the red and white hematites, puddling ores, and the clay bands peculiar to the districts of South Staffordshire and Wales. A sample of the ore on analysis contained 69.78 per cent. of metallic iron. The district has been taken by three large iron companies.

ART AND ARTISTS.

TALK OF THE STUDIOS.

MR. BARTLETT's picture of "The Visit of the Queen and Royal Family to the Wounded Crimean Soldiers at Brompton Hospital" is now on exhibition in Pica-

dilly.—At the sale of the Orford collection at Messrs. Christie's, on Saturday last, an altarpiece by Lo Spagna, No. 267 in the catalogue of the sale, was purchased for the National Gallery at the price of 620 guineas. A celebrated landscape, by Rubens, called the Rainbow Landscape, fetched the extraordinary price of 4550*l*.—The site selected for the Great Exhibition of Art Treasures in Manchester is on the south-west of the city, in Hulme. A large sum, placed at the disposal of the committee by the Bank of England—on the security of the Guarantee Fund, which already reaches 70,000*l*.—enables the managers to commence immediate operations. The building is to be completed by New Year's Day for 24,500*l*. The structure will cover a ground space of 15,200 square yards, or rather more than three acres. It will be for the most part constructed of cast and corrugated iron, glass being employed only in the centre of each compartment of the roof. The whole interior will be lined with wood, and the end of the building, which has been chosen for the grand entrance, will be of ornamental brickwork. The extreme length of the building will be 704 feet, and the extreme breadth 200 feet.—Paul Delaroche has finished his new picture of the Girondins. The scene represents the twenty accused at the moment when the sentence of death is read to them.

MUSIC AND MUSICIANS.

MUSICAL AND DRAMATIC CHIT-CHAT.

THE Bradford Musical Festival is fixed to commence on Tuesday, the 25th of August. The principal *soprano* singers will be Madame Novello and Miss Sherrington.—Mlle. Piccolomini and Madame Alboni are said to be engaged for the concerts.—From Germany, a report comes of the approaching retirement of Dr. Spohr from active musical life.—Herr Oswald Röhlich, a performer on the French-horn in the orchestra of the Karl's Theatre, in Vienna, has obtained the exclusive patent for his invention of a new machine attached to brass wind instruments. The peculiar advantages of this discovery consist in a freer and less interrupted passage of the air, so that the tones are more equal and full, and produced with less strain on the lungs of the performer than in instruments otherwise constructed; the notes which must be sustained are also better regulated, and the accumulated water can be readily discharged.

On Friday last, Mme. Enderssöhn held an evening concert at the Hanover Square Rooms, under the presidency of Mr. Balfe, on which occasion she displayed her usual good taste, alike in the vocal pieces she selected and her manner of performing her part among them, especially, perhaps, in Rossini's "Quis est Homo," to which, joined by Mme. Viardot, she gave the true expression. By Balfe's pleasing ballad, "Love smiles but to deceive," this accomplished artiste gained great applause; and her execution of "Ah forse e lui" was, indeed, brilliant. Mme. Viardot's "Mi paventi," excelled only by her "Ah non giunge," excited much feeling among her audience. Miss Dolby was in good voice, and sung Mozart's lovely "Addio" with due delicacy. Mr. Thomas's "Three Ages of Love" was a good song well sung. Among the instrumental performances none, perhaps, were more interesting than that of young Heinrich Werner, who seemed to understand his subject, Mendelssohn's "Concerto in G minor," and executed it with more feeling than might from his youth have been expected. Of Santon suffice it to say he was himself, drawing forth as usual from his instrument the abundance of his genius. We hope Mme. Enderssöhn will repeat a like musical treat next season.

LITERARY NEWS.

MR. MURRAY is preparing for publication, in his "British Classics," a new edition, in four volumes, of Mr. Croker's "Boswell," with Mr. Croker's last corrections and additions.—"The Young Lord," A new story, by Lady Emily Ponsonby, author of "The Discipline of Life," &c. is announced by Messrs. Hurst and Blackett.—The *Gentleman's Magazine* has been transferred into the hands of Messrs. Parker, of Oxford. The *National Review* will in future be published by Messrs. Chapman and Hall.—A Bristol penny paper, the *Telegraph*, has expired, after the more than ordinary longevity of fifty-six weeks. Its melancholy fate is attributable to atrophy of the news columns consequent upon the cessation of the war.—From New York we hear that Mr. Frank Moore has completed a history of the American Revolutionary period, upon a plan both novel and attractive. Having obtained an authentic diary of a Revolutionary officer, kept with care and particularity from 1774 to 1788, he has taken this as a basis, enlarging it by additions from contemporary records and publications—with which literature Mr. Moore has great familiarity. The book will thus be somewhat of the fashion of Pepys's Diary, and though not all emanating from the same individual, will be entirely composed of genuine documents.—The family of the late John Pintard (U.S.) are preparing his Life and Works for publica-

tion. The work will be an interesting addition to the history of American letters.—M. Huet, a descendant of the learned Bishop of Avranches, has issued a prospectus of a complete edition of the prelate's works, in six octavo volumes.—The widow of Immermann is about to publish a volume of the correspondence of Heinrich Heine and her late husband. Alfred Meissner has promised a complete biography, and "Sketches of Character and Conversations with Heinrich Heine" are also announced.—Jacob and Wilhelm Grimm have published the fourth number of the second volume of their German Dictionary, which brings the work to the word "Dampfkutche."—Mr. Andersson, the African traveller, author of "Lake Ngami, or Explorations and Discoveries in South-Western Africa," has received a gold medal from the King of Sweden.—Lieutenant Burton, author of the "Pilgrimage to Mecca and Medina," and of the recent narrative of a journey to Harar, is about to proceed shortly on a new exploring expedition to the Somali country in Eastern Africa.

Mr. Thackeray has accepted an invitation from Edinburgh to deliver his lectures on the Four Georges, at the Philosophical Institution of that city, in November.—Professor Owen, F.R.S., who for nearly thirty years has been connected with the Royal College of Surgeons, as conservator of the Hunterian Museum and Professor of Comparative Anatomy, has just resigned his appointments, and entered on a more extensive scene of usefulness at the British Museum, as superintendent of the natural history department.

—The Lords of the Admiralty have awarded the 10,000*l*. offered for the first discovery of traces of Franklin to Dr. Rae and his companions.—The memorial for another Arctic expedition in search of the Franklin expedition relics has been taken into consideration by the Admiralty. Although no determination has as yet been arrived at, the project has not been discarded.—At a meeting at Stirling it has been resolved to erect some monumental memorial of the hero of the early national independence, William Wallace.—The following selection of presidents of sections has been made by the council of the British Association for the next meeting at Cheltenham:—Mathematics, Professor Walker; chemistry, Professor Brodie; geology, Professor Ramsey; natural history and physiology, Professor Bell; geography and ethnology, Sir Henry Rawlinson; statistics, Lord Stanley; mechanics, George Rennie, Esq.—The following is a list of the civil pensions granted between the 20th day of June 1855 and the 20th day of June 1856:—July 21, 1855, Thomas Dick, D.C.L., 50*l*. in consideration of the eminent services he has rendered to literature and science. December 27, Joseph Haydn, 25*l*. in consideration of his useful and valuable additions to standard literature. March 4, 1856, Mrs. Pauline Du Plat (widow of the late Brigadier-General Du Plat, Royal Engineers), 100*l*. in consideration of the distinguished services of her husband, and the straitened circumstances in which she is placed by his decease. In trust to Captain C. Taylor Du Plat, R.A., and Mr. A. S. Green. March 4, Psyche Rose Elizabeth Hoste (daughter of the late Admiral Sir William Hoste), 50*l*. in consideration of the naval services of her father, and her own destitute and infirm condition. In trust to the Marquis Townshend and the Rev. J. W. Ayre. March 4, Mrs. Fanny Drummond Lloyd (widow of the late Lieutenant-Colonel Lloyd), 100*l*. in consideration of the long civil, diplomatic, and military services of her husband, his active exertions in the East during the present war, up to the period when he fell a victim to disease, and the state of destitution in which she is placed by his decease. In trust to Mr. F. B. Alston and Mr. J. Laurie. March 4, Samuel Lover, 100*l*. in consideration of his eminent services to literature. March 4, Francis Pettit Smith, 200*l*. in consideration of his great and, for a long period, gratuitous exertions connected with the introduction of the screw propeller into her Majesty's service. March 4, Jane, Emily Sarah, and Louisa Cathcart, the three eldest daughters of the late Lieutenant-General Sir George Cathcart, pensions of 100*l*. a-year each, in consideration of the distinguished services of their father, and his death on the field of battle, when in command of a division of her Majesty's forces. In trust to the Earl of Warwick and Lord Greenock. March 4, John D'Alton, 50*l*. in consideration of his literary merits, and his numerous contributions to the history, topography, and statistics of Ireland. March 4, Miss Maria Long (widow of the late Frederick Beckford Long, Inspector-General of Prisons in Ireland), an additional pension of 50*l*. a-year, in consideration of the services of her husband, in consequence of whose death, from illness contracted in the execution of his duty, she has been left with a large family in circumstances of great distress. March 4, Catherine and Emily Bailly, and Mrs. Mary Ward (daughters of the late Mr. Bailly, of the War-office), 50*l*. in consideration of the long and meritorious services of their father, and their own destitute condition. In trust to Mr. N. Grant, M.D. March 4, Thomasine Ross, 50*l*. in consideration of her literary merits. In trust to Major-General Maclean and Mr. Edward De Grex. March 4, Mrs. Mary Haydn (widow of the late Mr. Haydn), 25*l*. in consideration of the numerous useful works contributed to standard literature by her late husband, and the destitute condition in which she is placed by

his disease. In trust to Mr. John Barrow and Mr. Alaric Watts. June 5, John O'Donovan, 50*l*. in consideration of his valuable contributions to ancient Irish history and literature.—Total, 1200*l*.

Turin papers announce the discovery of an unpublished poem by Petrarch, and of the original drawing of the *Holy Family* by Raphael.—At a recent sale in Paris, a letter of the poet Corneille was sold for 40*l*. At the same sale, a letter of Fenelon was sold for 8*l*. 10*s*.; one of Rochefoucauld for 14*l*.; and a signature of Loyola, the founder of the Jesuits, for 8*l*.—In the *Dresden Gazette* we read that the King of Saxony "has graciously permitted Herr Bernhard Tauchnitz, bookseller in Leipsic," to accept and wear the order of knighthood of the "Eichenkrone," conferred upon him by his majesty the King of Holland. Herr Tauchnitz, who is known to Englishmen principally by his cheap issue of republications from Bulwer, Dickens, Thackeray, Lever, &c., marked *copyright editions*, is one of the first booksellers and publishers in Leipsic, and has done a great deal for the modern literature of his country.—The French Government, in the distribution of honours on the occasion of the baptism of the Imperial Prince, did not overlook literary, artistic, and scientific men. M. Le Verrier, of the Observatory at Paris; M. Nisard, of the French Academy; M. A. Thierry, of the Academy of Moral and Political Sciences; M. Liais, of the Paris Observatory; M. Saint Georges, dramatic author; M. Meissonnier, the artist; Count A. de Vigny, of the French Academy; M. Semart, of the Institute; M. Massé, the composer; M. Sauvageot, of the Museum of the Louvre, and many artists, authors, or *savants* obtained promotions in, or nominations to, the Legion of Honour. Presents of books were also made to provincial libraries.

It has been resolved to found in Bury, Lancashire, a Northern Counties Literary Association—which is to combine some of the advantages of a Guild of Literature together with the activity of the old French Provincial Academy.—Active preparations are being made at Cheltenham for the reception of the members of the British Association for the Advancement of Science, who hold their annual country meeting this year in the week commencing Wednesday, the 2nd of August.—Government has published a return of all public moneys expended during the five years now past in connexion with institutions founded for the promotion of letters and science. 780*l*. have been appropriated by the Royal Society out of the grant of 1000*l*. for last year, as follows:—"To Mr. Buchforth, for calculations to be made for comparing the Results of Experiments on Capillary Attraction with Theory, 50*l*. To Dr. Miller, for the Construction and Verification of Standard Meteorological Instruments by the Kew Observatory, 200*l*. To Dr. Salter, for Inquiries in Experimental Physiology, 50*l*. To Dr. Frankland, for Continuation of Researches on Organo-metallic Bodies, 100*l*. To Mr. Fairbairn, for Experiments on Boiler Explosions, 300*l*. To Mr. Hodgkinson, for prosecuting Experimental Inquiries on the Strength of Materials, 100*l*. To Dr. Carpenter, for Researches in Marine Natural History, 50*l*. To Mr. Baxter, for Researches in Electro-Physiology, 30*l*.—The expenditure of the British Museum for the year ending last March was a little more than 62,000*l*. divided into the departments thus:—"Salaries, &c., 26,058*l*. 13*s*. 2*d*. House expenses, 2480*l*. 11*s*. 6*d*. Purchases and acquisitions, 14,697*l*. 7*s*. 2*d*. Book-binding, cabinets, &c., 12,025*l*. 15*s*. 6*d*. Printing catalogues, making carts, &c., 1780*l*. 5*s*. 4*d*. Law expenses, fees, &c., 96*l*. 13*s*. 8*d*. Excavations, &c. in Assyria, and transport of marbles, 882*l*. 18*s*. 3*d*. Purchase of the Bernal Antiquities, 3,981*l*. 16*s*.—The Department of Science and Art, located at Marlborough House, received for the current year, 79,364*l*.

The Paris papers announce the discovery in that city of the remains of a Roman cemetery of the time of Constantine the Great and his immediate successors.—The treaty between France and Saxony for the mutual protection of literary and artistic property was officially promulgated in the *Moniteur* on Tuesday week.—The Imperial Library at St. Petersburg has just had presented to it a magnificent copy of the famous Sanscrit poem, Bhagavad-Geta, which is held in high esteem by oriental scholars.

DRAMA, PUBLIC AMUSEMENTS, &c.

LYCEUM.—Madame Ristori.—*La Locandiera*: a Comedy in Three Acts, by Goldoni. Madame Ristori's benefit.

HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE.—Mlle. Wagner.—*Luzcrezia Borgia*.

DRURY LANE.—Amateur Pantomime.

ADELPHI.—*Medea*: a Burlesque, by Mr. Mark Lemon.

MADAME RISTORI's short career among us now unfortunately draws to a close, and before our next impression appears she will be gone. Her last appearance has been in Goldoni's comedy of *La Locandiera*, and in Silvio Pellico's tragedy of *Francesca di Rimini*. Perhaps it would be difficult to imagine a greater contrast than was afforded by these two characters. Mirandolina, the locandiera (or hotel-keeper), is a pretty woman with a natural talent for fascina-

tion. The character is execrable. Nothing could be more heartless, nothing more despicable than the conduct of this inkeeping coquette. She has been betrothed by her father to a lad who serves him as a waiter; yet she is too fond of flirting and liberty to treat her future husband as anything but a servant. A cavalier who is stopping at her inn piques her curiosity by his determined hostility to the female sex; she arms herself with her most dangerous wiles, and vanquishes him so completely that he submits to the vilest degradation in order to prove his admiration for her. Eventually she becomes frightened at the consequences of her folly, and, while she extricates herself from her dilemma by marrying the waiter, she consoles herself by declaring that, although she will have a husband, it will be such a one that her liberty will not be lost to her. Here is a character for the queen of tragedy to play; yet, strange to say, she plays it *au merveille*; with a spirit, a coquettish devilry which proves that, while she is the best tragedienne, there are but few even in comedy who are fit to rank in the same class with her.

Francesca di Rimini was the part selected for her benefit performance, which took place on Monday morning. It was a great, an affecting, and most graceful performance.

Madame Ristori will conclude her stay in England by giving a few performances in Manchester.

At her Majesty's Theatre Mlle. Wagner has appeared in "Lucrezia Borgia," and has produced a somewhat better impression than in Romeo. Still her performance was very far from satisfactory. Upon this occasion also Mr. Charles Braham, the son of the great Braham, made his first appearance as *primo tenore*. Though scarcely equal to that onerous position, Mr. Braham acquitted himself well, and did credit both to the stock from whence he sprang and the school in which he has studied.

The amateur pantomime passed off on Saturday last before a crowded house. The pantomime—*William Tell*—was the same which was played upon a former occasion, and went off with as much laughter and applause as before. This was preceded by Mr. Planche's farce, *The Loan of a Lover*, which gave occasion for a young debutante, of great talent and promise, who appeared under the name of Miss Louisa Millar.

Two burlesques upon *Medea* (made popular by Madame Ristori's performance of that part) are now before the town. Of these I have only seen one. Mr. Lemon's production at the Adelphi is an offence against good taste, unredeemed by the slightest spark of wit. Of Mr. Brough's, at the Olympic, better things are expected, and not the less so because Robson plays the part of the injured Colchian princess.

JACQUES.

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the fisherman refits his shattered boat; and Nature wears a smile which the remembrance of her late frozen frown renders all the more delectable and pleasant.

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"It is no small defect in this compilation (speaking of the Pharmacopœia) that we have no purgative mass but what contains aloes; yet we know that hemorrhoidal persons cannot bear aloes, except it be in the form of COCKLE'S PILLS, which are chiefly composed of aloes, scammony, and colocynth, which I think are formed into a sort of compound extract, the acidity of which is obviated, I suspect, by an alkaline process, and by a fourth ingredient (unknown to me) of an aromatic solute nature. I think no better, and no worse of it for its being a patent medicine. I look at it as an article of commerce and domestic convenience, and do not hesitate to say it is the best made pill in the kingdom; a muscular purge, a mucous purge, and a dry and gentle combined, and their effects properly controlled by a hydragogue and correlative. It does not commonly produce hemorrhoids like most aloetic pills, I attribute to its being thoroughly soluble, so that no undissolved particles adhere to the mucous membrane."

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